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SIXPENCE.

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THE NEW POPE: GIUSEPPE CARDINAL SARTO, EX-PATRIARCH OF VENICE, BORN JUNE 2, 1835, ELECTED SOVEREIGN PONTIFF, AUGUST 4, 1903.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AB'NIACAR.

The new Pontiff is by birth a Venetian, and has risen from a comparatively humble station to his present exalted rank.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A French writer has happily associated King Edward with the peace in South Africa, the tranquillity of Ireland, and the new cordiality between France and England. It is to no mere hazard that the King owes this noteworthy tribute of international regard. The visit to Ireland was watched with the keenest interest, for it demanded a rare display of tact and judgment. The conditions were full of pitfalls, political and religious; there was a hostile element eager to take advantage of any fancied slight; even a trace of embarrassment would have been turned to harm. But the King treated the Irish people as old friends; no token of thoughtful urbanity was forgotten, and none was overdone. So completely was the Sovereign above politics that they faded out of the scene, and all parties obeyed the impulse to a state of grace which was less than unity, but more than a truce.

Small wonder that foreigners are impressed by a monarch who, in the brief period since his coronation, has given such proofs of his personal ascendancy. It begets a new confidence in Europe. Here is a power which works without mediæval appeals to Divine right, without invocations of ancestors, but with a quiet instinct of statesmanship, and a fine sense of democratic reality. Much of this authority came to the King by heritage; but the heritage has already drawn new strength from the personality of the heritor. This should be plain even to the academic Republican for whom the Throne is a useless pomp, and the constitutional Sovereign a fountain of patronage. Practical statesmen, even in Republics, think differently. They do not want a monarch of their own; but they have a profound respect for ours.

Some of Mr. Tree's superabundant energy is to be devoted to the organisation of a school of acting. I fear the project does not excite a breathless interest. Cynical playgoers say that our stage has the acting it deserves; and the simple-minded, who set up the photographs of their favourite players in little shrines, do not heed the rest. And yet it is with the rest that Madame Réjane concerns herself in the article she has contributed to the *National Review*. She believes in the school, as it is managed in France, although she is perfectly candid as to its defects. She admits that it has not discovered how to develop the individuality of the pupils, instead of making them mimics of their professor. The professor takes these plastic youths and maidens, and models them like clay in his own image. Whether he is content with this pottery, or whether he chafes against the docility to the potter, Madame Réjane does not tell us. No potter ever moulded her; but she is none the less grateful for the teaching of Regnier. By natural talent the pupil is saved from slavish imitation of the master; there is a personality strong enough to resist his, and clever enough to profit by all he can impart. But another personality may succumb to the school, and become an echo, the animated product of a system. Perhaps Madame Réjane expects too much from educational systems, which have never been famous for adapting themselves to the needs of the young plant after the manner of botanists.

Genius will go its wild way, tutored or not; but there are always many actors whose photographs are never kept in little shrines, and for them, says Madame Réjane, the school is highly beneficial. On the French stage the novices do not so conspicuously learn their business in full view of the public as they do on our stage. We should be spared the struggle with the rudiments of speech and gesture, if the school had done its work with these youthful buds before they shot into general notice. Charming ladies would put the accent on the right word; and comedians, bubbling with spontaneous humour, would not spoil it by stifling their syllables. There is a curious shyness in the English character, which makes it only partially articulate. People seem to be afraid that distinct utterance, like the British officer's uniform in private life, will be mistaken for swagger. This theory does no harm in ordinary conversation, as most of us have little to say that anybody wants to hear. But our amateurs on the stage are sometimes so abashed that only the voice of the prompter conveys the author's meaning. Mr. Tree's school, I am sure, will cure this habit, and, by diffusing through minor parts a clear and well-modulated speech, encourage society to pluck up courage to make itself intelligible. Even the nervous fluency of the House of Commons may be so far subdued by this example that the average member will learn to disentangle his participles from surrounding objects.

A theatrical manager, who has produced a play which represents the vagaries of lunatics, is incensed by the protests of the critics. They maintain that a lunatic asylum is not the sphere of dramatic art, and he retorts with a set of reasons why an independent manager, with no small knowledge of his business,

cannot become the "pet" of the Press. For instance, if his lunatic asylum is intended to be "a solemn warning," how can the critics appreciate it? Their mission in life unfits them for understanding that higher function of the drama which takes the shape of warnings. No critic sitting in his stall ever feels warned; the sensation is unknown to him; but if any warning is to be done, he knows that it is his business, and not a manager's. So he warns the public against visiting that lunatic asylum, and is doubtless astonished to learn that the play itself is "a solemn warning to those people who are far too fond of visiting lunatic asylums as if they were picture-galleries." This is a complication, but it is not all. I understand that in the play there is a revolt of lunatics, who hang their doctor in a cupboard; whereupon the principal madman assumes his character and functions, and receives his visitors. They discover the luckless man hanging in the cupboard, and, but for their coming, there he would have remained. Why this should be a solemn warning not to visit lunatic asylums is a subtlety of ethics that defies penetration. It should have the effect of sending scores of anxious persons to besiege the portals of asylums, clamouring their resolve to examine all the cupboards.

Lunacy on the stage, or in fiction, is often a weak expedient to disguise a poverty of invention. It is not so in Poe, who comprehended it in his discursive and ingenious taste for the horrible. The insanity of Lear is a tremendous creation. But, as a rule, the spectacle of a man without his wits makes very sorry drama. If he is a homicidal maniac, he is repulsive; and if he is a gibbering idiot, he is merely tiresome. When you perceive symptoms in a novel that the least interesting personage is going out of his mind, you may be sure that the author has said to himself: "I don't know what to do with this fellow. He grows duller in every chapter. There is nothing for it but to make him a criminal lunatic." A recent example of this method presents the unfortunate gentleman as a philosopher with a theory of platonic love, and a neat little mechanism for tin-mining in Cornwall. He loses his interest in tin, and his platonic system gives way to jealousy. You can see that the author, by no means an unskilful hand, has been dreadfully bothered from the outset. He wanted to make this man a rare and impressive egoism, and he made him a wearisome bore. Then came madness, murder, and Broadmoor, where this particular lunatic now sojourns as a solemn warning to novelists.

Tolstoy is about to issue a solemn warning to statesmen. I wonder that he should take this trouble, for he has been telling an English visitor that he divides his fellow-men into two classes, the foolish and the wise, and puts "all scientists into the former class." Among these are Darwin and Herbert Spencer; and if they are "foolish," what luck can there be for politicians? That Tolstoy should be irritated by Herbert Spencer is not wonderful, for as long ago as 1873 Mr. Spencer analysed the altruism which Tolstoy was to expound a good deal later, and declared it to be pure illusion. He argued that altruism, to succeed at all, must be confronted by permanent selfishness, to illustrate its virtue; for if we all become altruists, no man would accept sacrifices from another. Moreover, without some measure of assertive egoism the world would cease to go round. This, of course, is no dilemma to a philosopher who has gravely proposed that the human species shall extinguish itself, and leave the planet to interminable generations of wild animals.

The statesmen, I understand, are exhorted by Tolstoy to profit by the example of the Dukhobors, the demented enthusiasts who give much trouble to the Canadian Government by stripping themselves bare, and marching in quest of the Messiah. They emigrated from Russia to escape the conscription. The first duty of an altruist is to refuse to bear arms for his country. But the Dukhobors who stayed at home have recanted. Tolstoy's son told the English visitor that they have consented to serve in the army rather than wander over the Canadian plains without their clothes. I have a melancholy suspicion that the statesmen will be more impressed by this apostasy than by the flaming zeal which bothers the Canadian Mounted Police. Tolstoy condemns police, and all other instruments of government. If there were no drilling, and no repression, there would be no evil, and human nature would blossom into altruism, despite the foolish logic of Herbert Spencer. If there were no Canadian Mounted Police, the Dukhobors would not discard their garments. If there were no egoism there would be no trade, and Mr. Carnegie would not be oppressed by his millions. Tolstoy admires Ruskin, who inherited a fortune made out of wines, and found it very useful in the publication of his books. If he had renounced it, he might not have found a publisher. If we renounced all our pleasures, nobody would write or publish, and the priceless advice of Tolstoy would have no readers. I am quoting it at this moment with purely selfish joy. Rob me of that, and whose is the benefit?

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"EM'LY," AT THE ADELPHI.

It is thirty-four years since Sam Emery at the Olympic first raised old Peggotty's cry, "I'm agoing to seek my Em'ly!" Now, at the Adelphi, he is succeeded by Mr. Cartwright, and the latter's impersonation of the simple fisherman is fully satisfying, robust alike in humour and in pathos. The latest Dickens adapters are Messrs. T. G. Warren and Ben Landeck, and they have done their best to construct a compact play out of a discursive novel. Wisely, they have confined their drama's action to the betrayal of Em'ly and the villainies of Heep, allowing these two sections to develop independently side by side. Of the figures of the "Copperfield" tale only the Peggotty group, of course, bears transplantation to the stage, save Steerforth, who, thanks to Mr. Ben Webster, gains in naturalness. Even Rosa Dartle, picturesquely as Miss Nancy Price plays her, loses half her truculence in the playhouse, and David Copperfield and his tedious Agnes become mere colourless puppets. Uriah Heep and Micawber fare better, but then they are portrayed—rather quietly too—the one by that sound character-actor, Mr. Robb Haywood, the other by the quaint Mr. Harry Nicholls. Next to Peggotty, Ham stands out most plainly, Mr. Frank Cooper lending the reticent fellow a splendid air of hearty sincerity. Mrs. Gummidge, again, is delightful, with Miss Caroline Ewell taking her original part; while pretty Miss Madge Lessing, her comic-opera training considered, does wonders as the sad Little Em'ly.

"THE SOOTHING SYSTEM," AT THE GARRICK.

Do the canons of dramatic taste sanction the stage-presentation of madness—the more revolting and maniacal form of madness? Whatever may be the answer furnished to this question, the case for realism seems given away when, as in the Garrick Theatre's new first piece, such presentation subverts no ethical purpose and offers simply a gruesome sort of entertainment. "The Soothing System" is an adaptation of a grisly tale of Poe's, based on the authenticated circumstance of a mad-doctor becoming a patient in his own asylum; and Mr. Arthur Bouchier enacts very forcibly the rôle of the demented but crafty doctor. A wild attack of lunatics on a sane visitor, their rout by warders, an attempted suicide by hanging—these are some incidents of the nightmare play which now precedes "The Bishop's Move."

"GENEVIÈVE," AT THE GRAND, FULHAM.

Why "Geneviève" should be called a "grand" romantic opera it is hard to determine, unless the description is derived from the theatre at which the piece has just been produced. Such thin story as the librettist, Mr. Howard Cleaver, has supplied hovers vaguely between fantastic romance and conventional buffoonery; while the music, Professor de Rovigo's work, is scarcely more than a mere series of drawing-room ballads. Indeed, the only strong impression which "Geneviève" leaves upon the mind is that of a heroine prepared at all times and on the smallest provocation to burst into sentimental melody. Comic ditties the score contains, and choruses for shepherds and shepherdesses and the inevitable drinking-song; but without Geneviève's amiable habit of irresponsible warbling, the opera named after her would fall to pieces, so totally devoid is it of dramatic quality. In the airs assigned to this love-lorn maiden, which are graceful and pleasing enough, though they betray a marked family likeness, the composer makes some amends for the futilities of his colleague. But he is hampered by having as representative of the heroine a singer, Miss Savary, whose voice, pretty but small, is quite unequal to the continuous strain necessarily imposed. A fairly competent tenor, Mr. Frankiss, two agreeable interpreters of the comic relief, Mr. Broughton Black and Miss May Gumez, and really admirable mounting help to recommend "Geneviève" to favourable consideration; but this "grand" opera can hardly hope to win popularity with its present tame and inconsequent libretto.

"A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART," AT KENNINGTON.

Last September Messrs. Frederic Stanley and Alexander Henderson produced at the latter's Fulham playhouse a melodrama of their joint manufacture, entitled "A Sailor's Sweetheart," which exploited the Naval Brigade, told a vigorous sensational yarn, and had as its culminating horror the threatened torture of white captives at the hands of savage Gold Coast negroes. A very decent specimen of its class was this piece, for in it was worked out, with no little ingenuity, a fiendish plot for the destruction of a gallant sailor who was heir to great wealth, and it also introduced to notice a villain of delightfully thoroughgoing treachery and brutality. But perhaps its excitements were rather too elaborately painful, and its fun (for popular tastes) kept a trifle too much in the background. At any rate, the authors seem now to have lightened the gloom of their play and developed the drolleries of their comic characters. Thus modified, the story of "A Sailor's Sweetheart" has lost none of its emotional appeal, and at Kennington, where it is being presented this week by a capital company, it is received with every mark of favour.

BANK HOLIDAY PROGRAMME AT THE HIPPODROME.

In the varied programme which the proprietors of the London Hippodrome have arranged for Bank Holiday week, the new "Redskins" sketch occupies the place of honour, and deservedly so. For no other such triumph of spectacular realism is to be seen in town as the tableau of swirling rapids, overturned canoes, submerged Indians, and deafening revolver-shots which concludes that exciting little drama. But there are many other popular turns in the Hippodrome bill. Old favourites remain, such as Mr. Sam Elton, whose smashing of crockery would frighten even the most callous "slavey," and Chinko, whose juggling is as "eccentric" as it is clever. Then, too, there are newer performers, such as the members of Boswell's Miniature Circus.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE END OF THE KING'S IRISH TOUR. Since Edward VII. came to the Throne he has done yeoman service in the cause of international peace and goodwill. His Continental tour cemented our old friendship with Italy and Portugal, and wiped away the memory of our recent differences with France. It was, however, reserved for his Majesty to do greater things nearer home, and it is safe to prophesy that the King's Irish visit, coinciding as it does with acceptable legislation, will be adjudged by history to have been one of the most important factors in the settling of the ancient and vexed Irish Question. Last week we chronicled his Majesty's reception at Londonderry, which we are this week enabled to illustrate. From that city the King and Queen proceeded to Buncrana, where they re-embarked in the royal yacht and sailed round the Donegal and Achill coasts, casting anchor on the afternoon of July 29 in Killary Bay. Their Majesties landed and made a tour of the Connemara district, visiting cottage and cabin, conversing in the most friendly manner with the natives. Their Majesties travelled in a motor-car. The following day the Connemara trip was brought to a close by a visit to Galway, where the King and Queen had an enthusiastic reception from a district that has not hitherto been deeply attached to the Crown. Galway honoured itself by hanging out such mottoes as "Come back to Erin, Mavourneen," and "Welcome to the friend of Ireland." The conquest of the West was probably complete when Miss Murphy, daughter of the treasonable Colonel Lynch's election agent, presented the Queen with a bouquet. Leaving Galway on the morning of July 31 their Majesties proceeded to Kenmare, whence the party travelled by motor to Derreen, the Marquis of Lansdowne's seat. Having taken tea, their Majesties went on to Castletown, where

OUR PORTRAITS.

Sir William Marriott, who died at Brighton on the night of July 27, was formerly Judge-Advocate-General. He was a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, and a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, of which society he became a Bencher. He took silk in 1877, and eight years later was promoted to be Judge-Advocate-General, a position which he resigned eleven years ago. From 1880 to 1893 he represented Brighton in the House of Commons, passing from the Liberal to

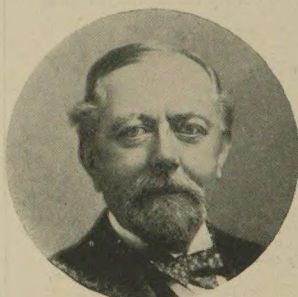


Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE RIGHT HON. SIR
W. T. MARRIOTT,
FORMERLY JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL.

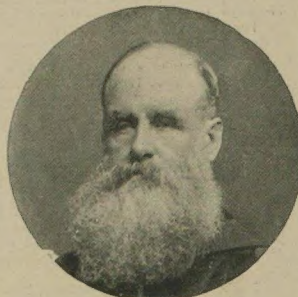


Photo Russell.
THE LATE DR. W. T. T.
WEBBER,
BISHOP OF BRISBANE.

the Conservative side without losing his seat. He was sixty-eight years of age.

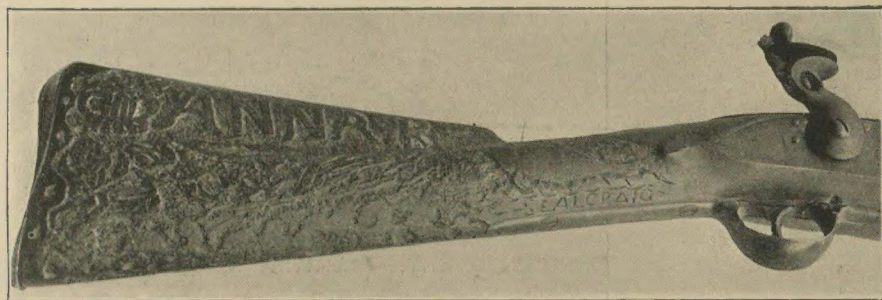
A distinguished Churchman passed away on Aug. 3 at Sydney in the person of Dr. William Thomas Thornhill Webber, Bishop of Brisbane. A native of Norwich, where his father was a surgeon, Dr. Webber was educated at Tonbridge, at the town of his birth, and at Pembroke College, Oxford. Through various ecclesiastical appointments, he rose in 1885 to the bishopric of Brisbane. His organising power was

Giuseppe Sarto is sixty-eight years of age, and is an earnest and benevolent ecclesiastic. He is in no sense a politician, and will be first of all a religious Pontiff.

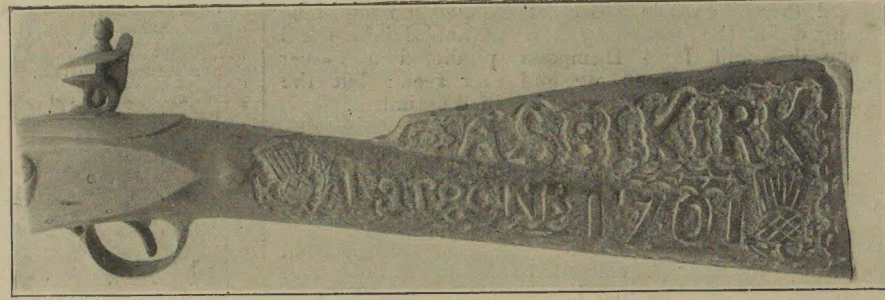
THE COST OF LIVING. There is much discussion as to the comparative cheapness of living in England and on the Continent. Paris is said to be dearer than London, and the prices of staple commodities seem to bear out the statement, although an English visitor in the French capital may not find the general charges any higher than at home. Provincial France has long enjoyed the reputation of cheapness, and many an English colony there has borne witness to this. But Mr. Yoxall now declares in the *New Liberal Review* that English families can no longer live at Tours or Avanches as economically as they did. This may be doubted, for the French provincials do not complain that living is dearer, and the wandering cyclist still extols the excellence and cheapness of the inns. The price of bread appears to be as little concerned with the operation of a duty on imported wheat as it is in this country. Much virtue is ascribed to French housekeeping; German and Belgian housekeeping is apparently no less thrifty, and it would seem as if our shortcomings in this respect made it dearer to live in England than anywhere else in Europe.

DR. HORTON'S OLIVE BRANCH.

Dr. Horton has proposed a compromise between the Church of England and the Nonconformists on the Education Act. He suggests that the Church should agree to place her schools entirely under popular control, trusting to the representatives of the ratepayers to appoint committees of management in sympathy with the religious opinions which the schools were originally designed to teach. Dr. Horton evidently believes that no obstacle would be offered by his political friends to the working of such a concordat. But how does he reconcile it with the policy of "passive resistance"?



THE STOCK WITH INSCRIPTION.



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STOCK, SHOWING THE INSCRIPTION.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S GUN: FOWLING-PIECE BELONGING TO ALEXANDER SELKIRK, THE ORIGINAL OF DEFOE'S HERO.

The gun, which is shortly to be placed in the British Museum, is a flintlock, and bears upon the stock the inscription, rudely carved, "A. Selkirk, Largo, N.B., 1701." On the other side is "Anna R." There is also a figure of a seal upon a rock, and under it the words "Sealcraig," the original of Selkirk's name.

they embarked for Cork. In the so-called rebel city, their Majesties' reception was second to none in enthusiasm and heartiness. His Majesty presented colours to the Royal Irish Regiment and the Royal Munster Fusiliers, and visited the Exhibition. In a speech the King dwelt upon the importance of fostering that industrial activity upon which the future of Ireland depends. These functions concluded a historical tour which his Majesty hopes to repeat at no distant date. His Majesty issued a parting message, in which he expressed to his Irish people how deeply he had been touched by the kindness and goodwill which they had shown to the Queen and himself.

THE KING AT COWES. On the conclusion of his Irish tour, his Majesty proceeded to Cowes for the Regatta, where on Aug. 4 he followed the racing with the greatest interest. On the same day his Majesty and the Prince of Wales paid an inaugural visit to the new Royal Naval College in Osborne grounds. During the day the race for the King's Cup was sailed, and was won by the German Emperor with his yacht *Meteor*.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT.

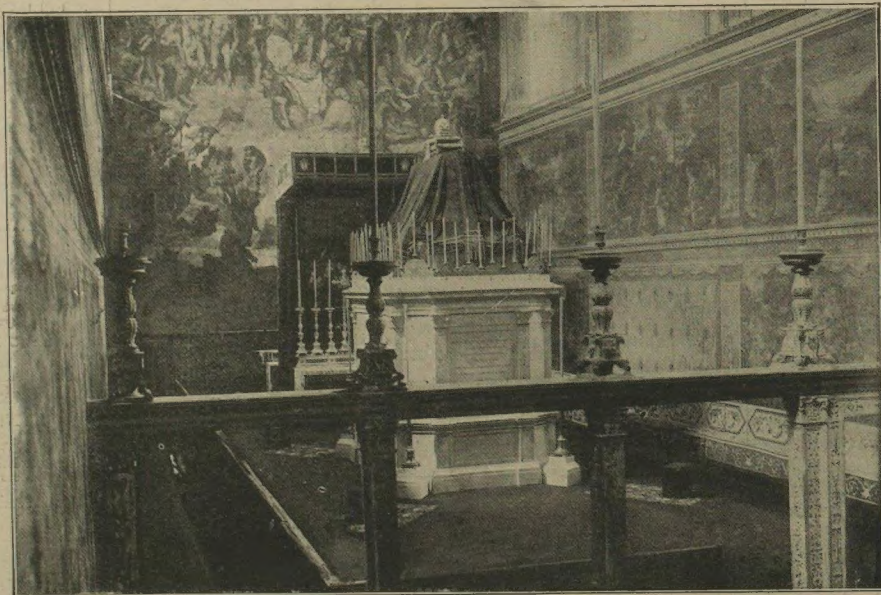
In the admirable words addressed by the King to the Irish people, he exhorted them to "self-reliance and co-operation." His Majesty is no mere rhetorician, and when he had that phrase in his mind he bethought him of a practical illustration of his meaning, and knighted Mr. Horace Plunkett. As the head of the Agricultural Department of Ireland, Sir Horace Plunkett has shown himself to be one of the ablest and most single-minded administrators that country has ever known. He organised his Department with an impartiality that was not relished by all his political friends, and it cost him his seat in Parliament. But there can be no difference of opinion as to the work he has done to demonstrate the advantages of "self-reliance and co-operation." If the new Land Act is administered in the same spirit, there should be a great industrial revival in Ireland. But it will not be forgotten that Sir Horace Plunkett was setting the example of co-operation when the old dissensions were still rife.

great, and he devoted himself to the task of securing a cathedral for his diocese. He was sixty-six years of age.

THE NEW PONTIFF.

On the evening of July 31, pursuant to the ceremonial ordained in the thirteenth century for Papal elections, sixty-two Cardinals of the Sacred College were walled up in Conclave, not to be released until they had appointed a successor to Leo XIII. On the following day, the morning and evening ballots

This is based on the principle that it is wrong for Nonconformists to pay rates for the support of Church schools. It is not directed simply against the Statute which has not placed the committee of management entirely under popular control. Why should the zeal which animates "passive resistance" be quenched if Dr. Horton's proposal were accepted? Churchmen would still manage Church schools, which would still be subsidised out of the rates. It is to this that Nonconformists have a rooted objection, if there be any consistency in the present agitation.



POPE LEO XIII.'S OBSEQUIES: THE CATAFALQUE IN ST. PETER'S FOR THE FUNERAL CEREMONY.

were ineffectual, though Cardinal Rampolla was favoured. Sunday's ballots were also without result, and thousands in the great square of St. Peter watched the ineffectual smoke from the burning voting-papers. It was rumoured that Cardinal Sarto of Venice had obtained an advantage at Monday's sittings, and the morning vote on Tuesday, producing the necessary two-thirds, raised that prince of the Church to the Papal chair. Shortly after noon the Venetian Cardinal of an hour before appeared fully robed on the inner loggia of St. Peter's, and under the style of Pius X. blessed the people amid much popular rejoicing.

THE CUNARD COMPANY.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's "Atlantic Combine" seems to have sprung a leak, and a favourable moment has been chosen for the new arrangement between our Government and the Cunard Company. The Government advances the money for the construction of two new ships of the largest size, and pays the company a bonus of £150,000 a year. Moreover, the Government becomes a shareholder, and the company is purged of all foreign elements. This active policy on the part of the State is very different from the old system of leaving private enterprise to take care of itself. In recognising that the shipping interest cannot be left at the mercy of a foreign combination, the Government has taken an important step towards the organisation of the national resources. The old theory that the State is simply a policeman, and that it ought not to meddle with trade, is quite out of harmony with modern conditions. Ten years ago we should have smiled at the notion of the State as a shareholder in a steam-ship company: this is now generally accepted.

NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

On the night of Aug. 3 five torpedo-boats were captured by the enemy's destroyer *Sprightly*, of the Blue flotilla. The destroyer *Flirt*, after being chased for three hours, only just avoided capture by making Scilly. The big fleet operations under Admirals Wilson and Domville began off the Portuguese coast on Aug. 5. King Carlos was expected to watch the manœuvres from his yacht.

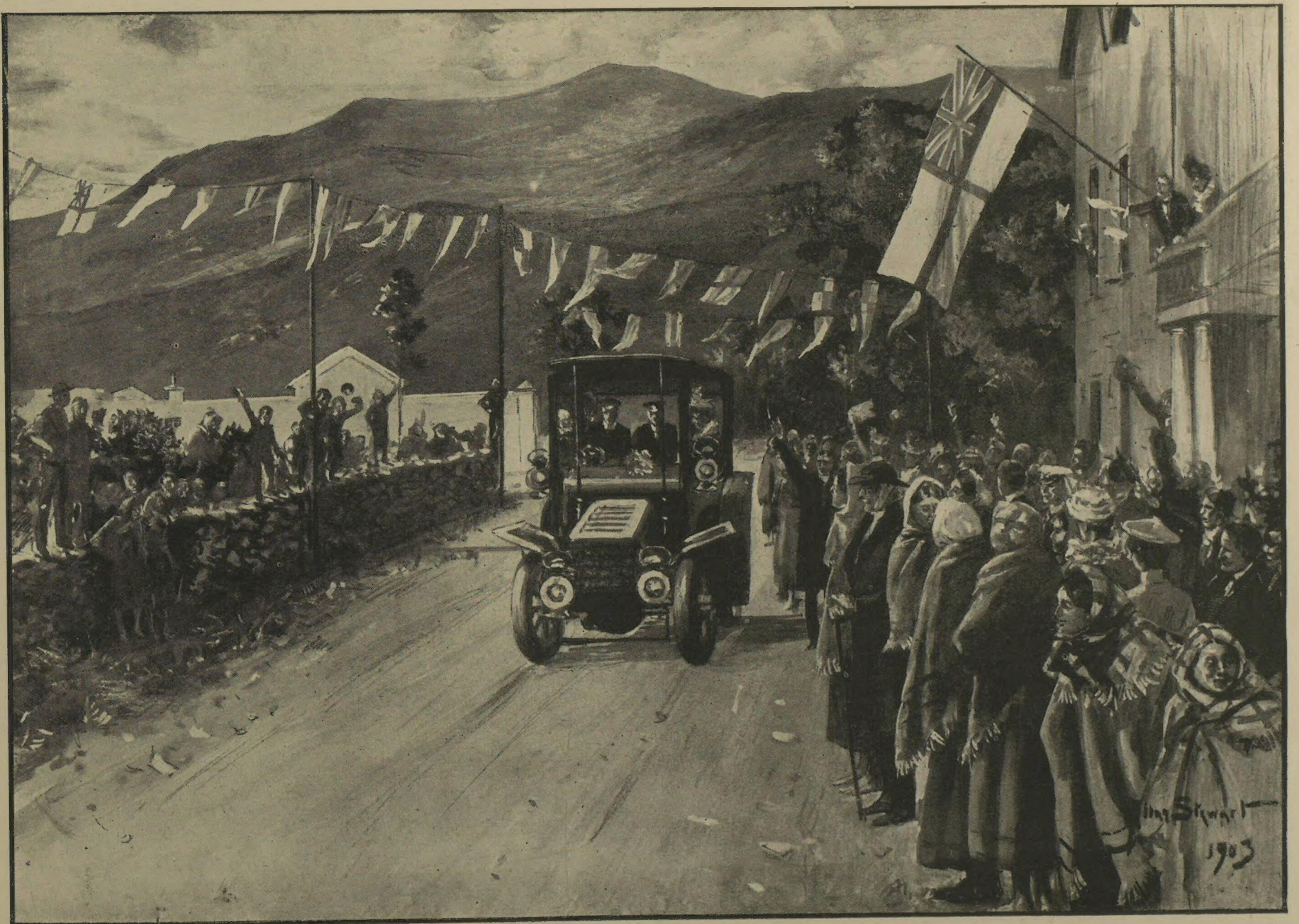
THE KING'S GREAT CONCILIATORY VISIT TO IRELAND: SCENES IN THE WEST.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK AND ALLAN STEWART FROM SKETCHES BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE KING IN IRELAND.



A WELCOME FROM IRISH SCHOOLCHILDREN: WAITING FOR THE KING AT LEENANE

The children presented a picturesque group. Many of them wore shawls, and one a cloak of black bordered with red.



THEIR MAJESTIES' MOTOR TOUR THROUGH CONNEMARA: THE KING AND QUEEN PASSING LEENANE HOTEL.

A motley group awaited the King's passage. The wall was lined with men and boys and here and there a few girls, while in front of the hotel the crowd was composed of fashionable people and peasants, barefooted women in shawls rubbing shoulders with ladies in summer toilettes.

HIS MAJESTY'S GREAT CONCILIATORY VISIT TO IRELAND: SCENES AT CORK, AUGUST 1.

SKETCHES BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE KING IN IRELAND.



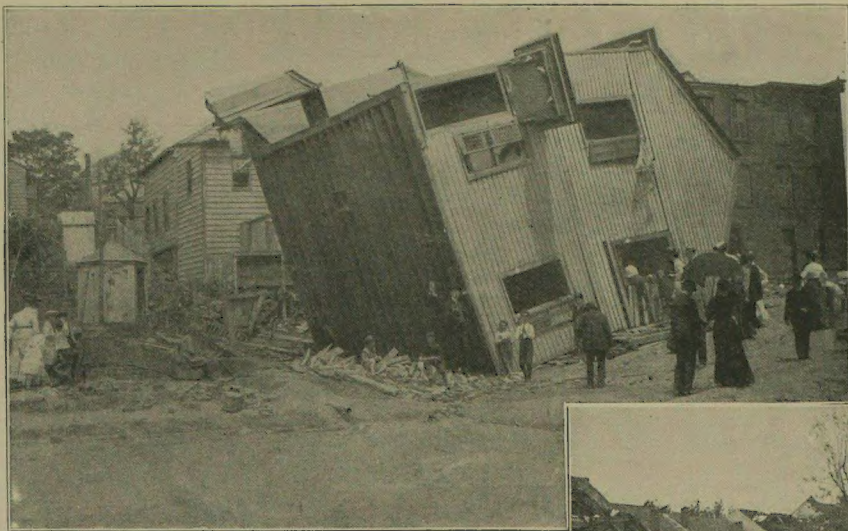
THE PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES IN THE EXHIBITION BUILDING AT CORK.

In addition to the municipal address, twenty others were presented by public bodies. In his reply his Majesty said that during his tour he had gained a clearer insight into the conditions of Irish life than he had before possessed.



THEIR MAJESTIES' DEPARTURE FROM CORK: THE SCENE ON THE PLATFORM AT GLANMIRE STATION.

Cork was the last town visited by their Majesties. The King was accompanied to the platform by the Lord Mayor. Her Majesty was escorted by Mr. W. J. Goulding, Chairman of the Great Southern and Western Railway.



AN OVERTURNED HOUSE.



POLICE GUARD OVER WRECKED PROPERTY.



CLAY STREET AFTER THE TORNADO.



A HOUSE PARTIALLY DESTROYED.



WRECKED BUILDINGS.

Photos. Grantlham Bain.

THE GREAT SIX MINUTES' TORNADO IN PATERSON, NEW YORK STATE: SCENES OF THE DESOLATION, JULY 22.
Three persons were killed, twenty-five houses were destroyed, £30,000 worth of damage was done, and seventy-five families were rendered homeless in the space of six minutes.



THEIR MAJESTIES' IRISH CRUISE: THE ROYAL YACHT AND HER ESCORT ENTERING QUEENSTOWN HARBOUR, AUGUST 1.
 DRAWN BY CHARLES DE LACY FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE WHITE STAR LINER "CELTIC."

THE PAPAL ELECTION: SCENES OF THE RECENT CONCLAVE.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.



1. THE CARDINALS' MILITARY GUARD: THE TROOPS POSTED IN THE PIAZZA DI SAN PIETRO TO SECURE THE INTEGRITY OF THE CONCLAVE.

2. PREPARATIONS FOR FURNISHING THE CARDINALS' CELLS: REMOVING THE APPOINTMENTS OF THE CONCLAVE OF 1878 FROM STORE THROUGH THE PORTA FLORERIA.

3. THE CONSTRUCTION OF A PARTITION WALL IN THE COURT OF SAN DAMASO TO PREVENT COMMUNICATION WITH THE CARDINALS IN CONCLAVE.

4. THE CARDINALS VOTING IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

5. THE PUBLIC SIGNAL OF ELECTION: WATCHING THE SMOKE OF THE BURNING VOTING-PAPERS FROM THE PIAZZA DI SAN PIETRO. (BLACK SMOKE SIGNIFIED A FUTILE BALLOT; WHITE SMOKE AN ELECTION.)

6. BEFORE CLOSING THE DOORS: THE CAMERLENGO MAKING HIS INSPECTION TO DETECT AND EXPEL INTRUDERS.

7. AFTER THE CLOSING OF THE DOORS: THE CARDINAL CAMERLENGO SWEARING IN ATTENDANTS TO RESPECT THE SECRET OF THE CONCLAVE.

8. THE ARMS OF THE CHURCH DURING THE INTERREGNUM IN THE HOLY SEE.

*"Vas it mit der captain of the 'Leeuwarden'?"*

CHAPTER X.

Helen was indeed, as she had told Ida Lathom, much happier; for not only had old Tim given her Vincent Hewitt's message, but she had seen Lugard, and he had told her that which had filled her aching heart with joy.

When the handsome young American arrived at Waringa he was received most hospitably by Lathom, who, although he was busied in making preparations for his niece's departure, was really pleased to meet him, and anxious to render all the aid in his power towards the fulfilment of a quest that he (Lathom) little knew was entirely fictitious; and Lugard—not for the first time—inwardly resented the duplicity he had now to practise upon a man of such an open and unsuspecting nature as his host. He therefore sought to salve his conscience as much as possible by taking the earliest opportunity of telling Lathom that he was pretty sure, from what he had already learned, that he would gain the information he desired either from the prison records at Port Macquarie (where the elder Ascott had once lived) or by a further and more extended research in Sydney. This he did so as to avoid discussing the matter with Lathom, whose eagerness to assist him in his "search" made him feel both uncomfortable and ashamed.

He had not to wait long before he both saw and spoke to Helen; for soon after he had been shown to his room old Tim tapped at the door.

"The masther thought maybe ye'd like a bath, yer honour. There is a bath-house just beyant, Sor, over near the ind av the verandah. Shall I show ye, Sor?"

"Thank you," replied Lugard. "I shall be very glad indeed to get rid of the dust." And then he noticed that the old man was lame, and instantly remembered he was the person of whom Vincent Hewitt had spoken as having promised to convey a message to Helen.

"Are you Tim Doyle?" he said quickly.

"Yes, yer honour."

"Then you are a man I can trust. I met Mr. Hewitt a few hours ago, and he told me you would help me."

"Is he safe, yer honour?" asked Tim eagerly.

"Quite safe. But I cannot talk to you now. I want you to tell Helen Cronin that the friend who sent her the note the other day is here, and *must* see her as soon as possible. She must tell you where she will meet me. You will not fail me?"

"Indade I will not, yer honour," replied Tim in low tones; and then he led the way to the bath-room, not daring to ask Lugard any further questions, for other servants were about. Helen, he knew, was in the room used as a laundry, so he hurried quickly away to her.

Lugard's apartment was, fortunately, situated at the extreme end of the verandah, and some distance from those occupied by Dr. Haldane and Mr. Marsbin, who were not then in the house, having gone to visit the Quarries; so Tim, as soon as he saw that Lugard had finished his bath, limped along in front of him, carrying the visitor's boots, which he had hurriedly cleaned,



HELEN ADAIR



By LOUIS BECKE.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

"Yer honour's boots," he said, as he entered the room; and then he smiled, and added—

"She sends her heart's thanks and compliments to yer honour, and if yer honour will come wid me at six o'clock this evening, I'll take ye to a place on the path leading to the creek where she'll be waiting for ye, an' where ye can talk for an hour or more,

as the Captain an' Miss Ida are going ridin' an' won't be back till past seven o'clock. An' will yer honour make good friends wid Russ, the dog, as he is sure to follow her."

"Give her my thanks, and tell her that I won't forget about the dog, Tim."

It was then five o'clock, and as soon as Lugard entered the dining-room he was introduced to Miss Lathom by her uncle.

"You must not think us discourteous, Mr. Lugard, in leaving you for an hour or two before dinner," said Lathom, "but my niece wishes to make a short round of visits to some of our neighbours, as she leaves for Sydney to-morrow. We shall return soon after seven with Mr. Marsbin and Dr. Haldane, who have ridden over to the Quarries."

Lugard begged them not to be concerned about him, and said that he would take a stroll along the banks of the creek until their return. So, after Ida had had tea brought in, she and Lathom rode off, much to the satisfaction of their visitor, who until nearly six o'clock whiled away the time with Lieutenant Willet—whom he discovered in his quarters engaged in eating an enormous water-melon.

Russ, who had been "introduced" to Lugard by Lathom, had taken very kindly to the American, and had followed him to Willet's quarters, the poor dog knowing that Ida hated to have him following his master whenever she was with him.

Leaving Lieutenant Willet, Lugard strolled towards the stables. Tim was awaiting him, and the two walked slowly down the road till they reached the track that led more directly than the road to the river, and in a few minutes they were quite out of sight of anyone coming from or going to the house. The evening was very calm and quiet, and as the old man limped beside him Lugard could not but be impressed by the beauty of the scene, for the rugged range to the westward of Waringa, which had looked so grim and forbidding an hour or two before, was now bathed in the yellow rays of the sunken sun, and far to the northward the forest-clad spurs were fast changing from a dull and misty green to a rich and glorious purple. Then, as they emerged upon a cleared space, the silvery waters of a clear stretch of Waringa Creek lay before them like a huge mirror of burnished silver, on which a flock of black swans floated almost motionless.

"I can leave ye, now, yer honour," said Tim; "see, there is Helen standing beside that big grey gum on the bank. I'll stay here and let you know if anyone should be comin' along. Come, Russ, me bhoy."

Lugard advanced to the quiet, girlish figure that awaited him beside the tree, and raised his hat.

"Miss Adair," he said simply, "I am very, very glad to meet you."

"And I you, Mr. Lugard," she said tremblingly, as she put her little sunburnt hand in his and raised her dark eyes to his face; "your message has made me very happy. Will you tell me quickly, please, about my father. Is he well?"

"Yes—as far as I know, and I trust that it will not be long before you will see him. But I have quite a long story to tell you, Miss Adair. Are we safe from interruption here?"

"Quite. No one but Captain and Miss Lathom and I ever use this path. A little further on there is a fallen tree, where we can sit down."

She led the way, and as soon as she had seated herself turned her face, now aglow with suppressed excitement, to the American, whose manner was very respectful and sympathetic.

"I must tell you first of all, Miss Adair—before I speak of myself and my mission to your father and you—that only a few hours ago, by great good fortune, I met your cousin Vincent."

"So Tim told me"; and then she blushed deeply. "Of course I had not the most remote idea who it was that came to the house last night until Tim gave me his message very early this morning. It seems that he had been hiding in the ti-tree scrub on the creek nearly all the previous day, endeavouring to see Tim, whom he knew could be trusted, so as to send a message to me, but did not succeed till nearly midnight. Then Tim urged him to wait until the morning, but my cousin was too impatient. The sentry would certainly have seen and challenged him had he approached the house any closer."

"Ah, well, it will not be long, I trust, before he does meet you," said Lugard kindly. "Now let me tell you who I am and what has brought me here."

Then he told in more ample detail all that he had related to Hewitt, adding that he was pleased that Helen was going to Sydney, as it would greatly facilitate matters.

"I am glad of that, Mr. Lugard, for it was my intention this very day to ask Captain Lathom, who has been most kind to me, to let me leave his service if Mrs. Cartwright, of Port Macquarie, would let me enter hers as an 'assigned' servant. I would not dare to ask Miss Lathom—she would never consent. And when I did ask him I meant to tell him my real name and my miserable story, for I am sure he would not only be sympathetic but grant my request, if he possibly could do so. In fact I should have told him why I wanted to go to Port Macquarie when I was first assigned to him, but I dreaded to do that for fear that if I was sent there and the authorities discovered I was not 'Helen Cronin,' but the daughter of John Adair, it would perhaps result in my poor father being transferred back to Sydney, or even some more distant place, and that I might never see him. Mr. Marsbin, the clergyman who was staying at Waringa, has the greatest detestation of Irish prisoners, and unfortunately he has such a very great influence with the Government that the colonial officials will do almost anything he wishes."

"Surely the fellow would not attempt to prevent a daughter from meeting her father!"

"He has done far more cruel things than that, Mr. Lugard. Still, I have heard Captain Lathom say that the man is not cruel by nature, but only an unreasoning bigot, and a fanatical believer in the lash as a cure for all offences."

"What a brute!" was Lugard's comment. "I heard a good deal of him in Sydney. What is the cause of his antipathy to Irishmen in particular?"

"I cannot tell; but his dislike to them is notorious, especially to those—of course I mean prisoners—who are Roman Catholics. And although my father and myself and all our branch of the Adair family are Protestants, our very names would be repellent to him, for"—and here for the first time a smile lit up her beautiful face—"both branches are strongly imbued with the rebel taint. My paternal grandfather was deeply involved in the troubles of '98, and only escaped death or a long imprisonment by fleeing to France, where he died; another relative fought at and was killed at Vinegar Hill; and my own unfortunate father was, as you know, transported for publishing seditious pamphlets; and my poor cousin Vincent, then hardly more than a boy, for being concerned in the same offence some years later."

"It is very sad, Miss Adair, that you should have to suffer as well."

"I have tried hard not to think of myself, Mr. Lugard," she said simply. "Some day, perhaps, when—oh, how it makes my heart beat to think of it!—when you and my father and poor Vincent and myself are sailing away together from this dreadful land, I shall tell you my story. Sometimes it seems to me when I think of it that I am really Helen Cronin, 'Number 7089,' and no one else, and that the Helen Adair of the old, happy days in Annalong is only a fantasy of my disordered mind."

She ceased speaking, and Lugard, seeing that she was struggling bravely to restrain her tears, assisted her by at once becoming practical, and continuing certain instructions.

"Now, Miss Adair, this is what I shall do: I shall go on to Port Macquarie and see your father, and tell him of the arrangements I have made with your cousin Hewitt. I shall have no difficulty in seeing and conversing with him, as my letters from the Sydney authorities will give me ample facilities to prosecute my 'Ascott' inquiries. Your cousin, who is already on his way back to the Port Macquarie district, will arrive there before me, and I shall probably see him also, as I can easily find his hiding-place, which I shall carefully describe to your father. I shall try and arrange matters so that as soon as the *Palmyra* appears on the coast your father will escape from the town during the night and make his way to your cousin's retreat. There he will be perfectly safe, even if the *Palmyra* should be delayed for a week or longer. As for myself, I shall return to Sydney from Port Macquarie as quickly as possible so as to see Captain Carroll—the master of the brig; and, as you will be there, I can then easily

communicate with you, as of course I shall call 'to see Miss Lathom.' All going well, I hope to see both you and Patrick Montgomery safely on board the *Palmyra* within a few days after I return. You will always be prepared?"

"Indeed I will. Oh, Mr. Lugard, you have made me feel like a girl of ten."

"I may have to turn you into a boy of sixteen before I get you away from Sydney," said the American, with a laugh; "in fact I am pretty sure of it. You will not mind?"

"You mean a disguise. Oh, no, Mr. Lugard. But how shall I manage?"

"I will see to that. There is a rascally old ship-chandler named Lamont, who is my agent in Sydney, and he will provide you with the necessary clothes. You and Montgomery will have to meet me at his place." Then he added, with a merry twinkle in his brown eyes, "I shall try hard to avoid asking you to cut off your hair, Miss Adair."

"It would grow again. I should not mind."

They remained conversing till Lugard, looking at his watch, saw that it was nearly seven o'clock.

"I must return to the house now, Miss Adair. And as I shall not probably have an opportunity of speaking to you again before I leave to-morrow morning, I shall now bid you good-bye till we meet again."

She put out both hands to him, and her eyes filled with tears.

"You have made me very, very happy," she said.

Lugard raised her left hand to his lips and bent low over it.

"You do me great honour, Miss Adair. And I am proud to be of service to you."

Late that night, as Lugard, after bidding good-night to his host and hostess and the other guests, walked along the verandah to smoke a pipe before turning in, he saw a light in Helen's room, and knew she was writing a long letter to her father, which she was to send to him by Tim in the morning.

The sailor leant against one of the verandah-posts, hands in pockets, and looked at the shadow of Helen's figure silhouetted against the blind. Then he spoke to himself—

"That's her shadow. And she can only be a shadow to you, Mr. Jim Lugard. So don't be a dreaming fool."

CHAPTER XI.

In a dingy little office in an equally dingy and ramshackle building in Queen Charlotte Place, over the door of which was inscribed "Morgan Lamont, Ship-Chandler and General Outfitter," sat an exceedingly dirty old man engaged in making up accounts. On the table, which was littered over with soiled account-books, bill-heads, and correspondence, were burning two tallow candles, and over the doorway leading into the passage a badly trimmed ship's riding-light helped to accentuate the squalor of the apartment generally.

Mr. Morgan Lamont—who, in his earlier years in England, had borne the name of Moses Lowenthal—was evidently in a pleasant frame of mind, for as he cast up a row of figures with his dirty right hand he rubbed his stubby chin with his left, and smiled; or rather grinned, continuously, and accompanied the distortion of his face by an unpleasant hissing sound through the fragmentary remains of his teeth.

Presently the door opened, and Mrs. Lamont, the wife of his bosom and the aider and abettor of his numerous villainies, entered, and remarked that, as it was seven o'clock, it was time they had supper.

"Yes, my dear. I am coming; and we must get supper over early, as I expect a visitor in some time to-night," he replied, in an accent that unmistakably denoted his origin.

Mrs. Lamont did not bear much resemblance to her husband, as so often occurs with some married couples whose interests in life are identical; for while he was thin and scraggy, and wore garments that a rag-picker would not have rushed at with frantic haste if he found them in the gutter, she was fat and unpleasantly coarse-looking, and her dress of soiled green silk was not devoid of ornament in the form of a massive gold chain, which fell from her neck to her ample waist, and her fat fingers were covered with rings, the brilliancy of the gems in which—diamonds and rubies—was outvied only by the long emerald pendants in her thick ear-lobes.

"Well, Rachel," said the ship-chandler, as he seated himself at the supper-table, which was in a comfortably furnished apartment looking out into the street, "business was better to-day."

"Dot vas good, Mo." And Mrs. Lamont's beady black eyes twinkled approvingly as she poured out the tea. "Vas it mit der captain of the *Lecuwarden*?"

Lamont nodded. "Yes, with him and with the Yankee skipper too. They were both here to-day. I sold the Dutchman a suit of condemned sails for his ship. I bought them for twenty pounds from the *Hashemy* transport, and sold 'em to him for sixty pounds."

"Got de monish?"

"What do you take me for, Rachel? Then Captain Carroll came in on that particular business, which will be finished pretty soon now, and I bought his whale-oil—a hundred barrels—and sold it again to Lloyd and Co. at a profit of fifty per cent."

"Ah, Mo, vat a peety ve haven't got no son mit your prains to carry on the pizness."

"Do you think I'm going to die right away?" snapped the old man. "Well, then, besides that, I've got a letter from that other Yankee who is in the game with the skipper of the *Palmyra*, and he tells me that I may expect him in Sydney to-morrow, and that he wants me to have some suits of clothes ready."

"Vat vill you make out of the whole pizness, Mo?"

"Don't know yet. That fellow Lugard is a hard nut to crack, Rachel. But so far I have had a hundred from him on account, and think I shall get another out of him when the people he has come for are safe on board the *Palmyra*."

Mrs. Lamont bent over to her worthy spouse. "Vat a peety it is dot ven you have got the monish you can't blow the gaff on him quietly and get the reward!"

"Don't be a fool, Rachel. Do you think I'm going to run myself into danger? Why, if I was to play the double I get ten years in irons on Cockatoo Island* at the least. No, and besides that I do a pretty good business with the prisoners year in and year out, and hope to do a lot more."

Mrs. Lamont sighed. "Vell, you know pest, Mo, my tear. But it does seem a peety—ven you think of the reward that will be offered. How many peoples are there?"

"Four—three men and a woman."

"Dot would be two hundred poundts, Mo. Vifty poundts a head. Don't it seem sinful dot ve can't ged it?"

"And I should get knocked on the head for it some dark night, even if the Government didn't do anything to me," retorted the ship-chandler. "Now don't go on talking about things you don't understand, but get supper over. I told you I expected a visitor. Put my office a bit straight, and leave some glasses and a bottle of the best French brandy on the table."

"Ah, then it is Mr. Wray who was comin'."

Lamont grinned and nodded. "Yes; I didn't think he'd come so soon though. I got a note from him this morning telling me that he wanted to see me on important business. When he comes, lock the front door and put out the lights."

A few minutes after eight o'clock gunfire Mrs. Lamont opened the street-door to Lieutenant Maurice Wray, who was in plain clothes. He was in excellent spirits, and saluted the fat Jewess with such cordiality that she imagined he had been dining well (most people "dined" at six o'clock in the old colonial days), and felt assured that her husband, for this reason, would do "good pizness" with the visitor. But in this she was mistaken, for Wray, who was a remarkably astute young gentleman, had kept his head perfectly clear for the occasion of his visit to Mr. Lamont, which was of an all-absorbent and momentous nature to him. Nevertheless he paid Mrs. Lamont some florid compliments.

"I declare, Mrs. Lamont, that it is a wonder to me how you contrive to look so cool in such detestable weather. Being in uniform all day, I longed for the night so as to avail myself of cooler clothing, and now, by Jove, 'tis as close and sultry as it was at noonday, when Captain Frobisher and I marched our company in from Waverley. Is it not a detestable country, Mrs. Lamont?"

"Shockin', Captain," replied the lady, as she ushered him in. "I often wish that I vas vonce more pack in old London in the winter time, a-carryin' my father's dinner to him from vere ve lived in Blackfriars to the tailor's shop he vorked in at Duke Street, Adelphi." And she sighed genuinely.

Wray was a curiously constituted man, and at that moment his nerves were high strung. He knew that the woman bore as bad a character for trickery and all-round villainy as her husband, but her simple remark made him feel that after all there was still something good in her callous heart. And perhaps he might need her aid, as well as that of her husband.

"Ah, well, you'll go back there some day, Mrs. Lamont; but instead of walking, you'll drive round in your carriage and look up your old friends. I know that you Jewish people, although you bleed us Christians pretty freely, are very good to your own poor, and I am sure that when you go home a rich woman you will help those who have not been so fortunate."

"Vell, ve Jewish people do stick to vun another, Captain," she said, pleased at the compliment.

"Then, as I may never see England again, and have never done anything but think of myself all my life, I want you to take these five sovereigns and spend them on the poor Jewish children who work in that big factory somewhere near Battersea. When I was a boy I used to watch the poor little beggars trudging through the snow on dark winter mornings, wet, cold, and I daresay hungry."

The woman's eyes softened as she slipped the money into her pocket.

"You are a shentleman, Captain, if ever vas. An' s'help me God, I von't do nodings improper vith your money. I vill give it to Rabbi Cohen, of Battersea, s'help me God, I vill, and tell him who sent it."

Wray smiled and nodded, and then entered the office where Lamont awaited him.

"Come in, Mr. Wray, come in. Rachel, don't let us be disturbed."

"Very well; but wait a moment before you begin talking pizness, my tear." And the stout lady bustled off hurriedly, returning a few minutes later with a bottle of champagne, which she placed on the table beside the brandy.

"Mo" opened his eyes in wonder.

"Id is all right, my tear. Captain Wray has shust given me a handsome present for de poor liddle Jewish children in London, and I vant to show him dot ve are not ungrateful. Id is good vine, Captain—two hundred and forty shillings the dozen."

Wray laughed. "Thank you, Mrs. Lamont; I'll drink your very good health and prosperity. I'll open it at once if you will take a glass with me." And, despite the mutely eyed protest of old "Mo," the officer deftly prized off the wire, filled three glasses, and bowing politely to the lady, repeated his good wishes.

Then, as soon as Mrs. Lamont closed the door behind her, he settled himself in his chair and went into "business" without further ado.

"Now, look here, Lamont, I don't want to stay here all night talking. I've come to see you on two matters. The first is this: I want five thousand pounds in cash. What will you do it for? Don't begin to haggle, but come to the point at once."

"Five thousand pounds is a large sum, Mr. Wray," said the old man, compressing his lips. "I should have some trouble in raising it. When do you want it?"

"That depends on the second matter of business on which I have come to see you. If we come to an arrangement on the first, I shall want it in a few days; if we don't, then there is an end of it. I shall go elsewhere."

* Cockatoo Island (now called Biloela), in the Parramatta River, in Sydney Harbour, was one of the most dreaded prisons under the convict system of New South Wales.

There was such decision in his voice and manner that Lamont knew that his threat of "going elsewhere" was not an idle one, and his avaricious soul shook in its miserly case.

"Let me consider a minute, Mr. Wray," he said, as he picked up a pencil and began to calculate on a sheet of paper.

"You can have the money within forty-eight hours on these terms," he said presently; and then he named them.

Wray thought for a few seconds. "That means I pay you twenty-five per cent. for twelve months' accommodation. Now look here, Lamont, Lloyds' people, who are not money-lenders, but merchants, told me the other day that I could obtain a few thousands from them any time I wanted the money at the ordinary rate of interest, ten per cent."

"Well, they are friends of yours, you see, Mr. Wray, and they have a right to do what they like."

"Just so. But now I'll be frank with you. I don't want to go to them for such a large sum; I don't want it to be known that I have raised five thousand pounds, and I know I can trust you to mind your own business in the matter. So I'll close with you—"

Lamont tried hard to conceal a smile of satisfaction. "I never talk about my clients, and—"

"I'll close with you," continued Wray, "if you will arrange the second matter."

"What is that?"

"Something that you can easily do, and I cannot. I intend going to a South American or other foreign port, and want to leave the colony quietly; and the sooner I can do so the better I shall like it, and the better it will be for you, as I shall give you a hundred for your services. Now, you are in the shipping business, and can make the necessary inquiries—I could not. People would wonder why I was going to South America instead of to England. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," replied the ship-chandler, as he ran his finger down a written list of the shipping then lying in port. "Here are four ships—the *Mathilde*, brig, sails for Samarang in a week; the *Protector*, ship, for Calcutta, in a week; the *Resolution*, ship, for Manila, ten days; the *Leeuwarden*, Dutch ship, for Valparaiso, in about a week."

"Ha, the last one you named I think will do. Do you know the captain well? Has she good accommodation?"

"Yes, I have done business with the captain, and have been on board the ship. She has very good accommodation. That Mr. Lugard, who arrived here a few weeks ago, was a passenger in her from Batavia, and he told me that she is a fine ship. She was formerly one of the Dutch East India Company's ships."

"I see. Is the captain a man to be trusted?"

"I'll guarantee that," said Lamont, with a sly smile, as he thought of certain transactions which had taken place between himself and Captain Jan Schouten—transactions which would not have met with the approval of the Port Jackson authorities.

"Ah, the usual smuggling work, I suppose. Well, that is nothing to me. Now I'll come to the point. I want you to arrange with him for the passages of a lady and gentleman to Valparaiso. I want the whole of the passenger accommodation—he must not take any others."

Lamont nodded. He guessed pretty well who was the lady, for he knew that Wray and Ida Lathom had been "talked about."

"I don't think it at all likely that there would be any other passengers applying for berths," he said; "very few passengers leave Sydney for South American ports.

Now, if it were the *Protector*, for Calcutta, there might be a dozen. When do you want this matter seen to?"

"At once. Tell the captain that he will get two hundred pounds—one hundred down and the other hundred as soon as the ship has put to sea. But, stop a moment! I forgot—the lady may bring a female attendant. If such is the case I will give another fifty pounds. Will that satisfy the fellow?"

"More than satisfy him."

"Well, then, Lamont, I leave the matter to you. But you must make him understand that the lady and myself will not expect to be served with the usual merchant-ship fare. You understand?"

"Quite, Sir," replied Lamont obsequiously; "but why not let me provide you with a private supply of provisions and wines that will be more acceptable than even the very best that a Dutch captain could give you—unless he bought them from me?"



And then the two men parted, with a warm hand-grasp.

Wray laughed at the man's astuteness. "Very well, Lamont. Send on board all that you think is necessary, up to a hundred pounds. And see that the cabins are done up nicely. The lady is not very strong. Now good-night. You can let me know all your arrangements in detail when they are completed. By the way, how are we to get on board unobserved?"

"Leave that to me, Mr. Wray. I shall see that you suffer no—or very little—inconvenience. Of course the *Leeuwarden* will have to undergo the usual search for prisoners attempting to escape, by the port authorities, before she gets under weigh, but Captain Schouten will see that you and Mrs.—Mrs.—er—"

"Thompson."

"Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are neither seen nor disturbed. I will see him early to-morrow morning."

Then Mr. Lamont showed his visitor out, and bade him good-night.

"Was it good pizness, Mo?" asked Mrs. Lamont, as her husband returned to his office and set to work again at his papers.

"Very good, Rachael. When there is a young and handsome man with thousands of pounds, and a young and silly woman whom he has no right to meddle with, there is always good business for someone."

"Who is it?" asked the Jewess, with eager feminine curiosity. "Is it Miss Lathom? Dere has been some considerable talks aboutt them. They were always together until Captain Lathom stopped their love-making."

"Bring me some more candles, and go to bed."

CHAPTER XII.

On the summit of one of the low, wooded bluffs at the entrance to Cattai Creek, sat Vincent Hewitt, smoking his pipe and looking out upon the sea to where, five or six miles to the southward, a vessel lay becalmed. At dawn he had seen her—a small white spot on the horizon,

and had watched her till noon, creeping slowly along before a faint southeasterly breeze; then the wind had died away, and his doubts as to whether it was the *Palmyra* or not could not be satisfied. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, and the vessel still seemed to be in the same position as she was at midday, though in reality she had been carried several miles nearer by the current setting northward.

Lugard—who seemed to foresee every contingency that might arise—had told him that if it should happen to fall a calm when the *Palmyra* made her appearance off Cattai, he (Vincent) was not to attempt to attract the vessel's attention by making the smoke-signals agreed upon, for it would be incurring unnecessary risks. A small, but armed, Government cutter was usually stationed at Port Macquarie, and the master, were his suspicions aroused by the presence of the *Palmyra*, could easily bring his vessel out of the harbour, even in a calm, by means of sweeps, and board the suspected craft.

Still, anxious as he was as to the identity of the becalmed ship, the young Irishman was well content. Fifteen days before, as he was asleep in the rude hut which he had built on a small, thicklywooded island in Cattai Swamps, a boy awakened him, and said that a man who wanted to see him was at his father's house. Instantly sumising who it was, Hewitt took his pistols and followed the boy along a cattle-track till they reached the Lake Innes road, near which was a roughly built, bark-

roofed dwelling, the home of an emancipist convict named Bolton, who had afforded Hewitt food and shelter.

The moment he stepped inside his hand was grasped by Lugard, who was having supper, and pressed his visitor to join him.

"I have good news for you, Hewitt. I have seen and spoken to Mr. Adair, and you may expect to have him with you now very shortly."

Hewitt's eyes glistened. "How is he?"

"Very well. Major Cartwright, he says, is a most humane man, and has shown him all the kindness that lay in his power; so also has Major Innes, of the Lake. And that reminds me to tell you that I am now on my way to the Lake, where I am to sleep to-night; then I am hurrying on to Sydney as quickly as possible to meet Carroll, who will, I expect, be there awaiting me. Now, as we eat we can talk, and I can tell you all that has been done."

Hewitt remained with Lugard till dusk, and then the two men parted, with a warm hand-grasp, Lugard riding on to Lake Innes, along the road, and Hewitt returning to his hiding-place in the swamp.

(To be continued.)



LAST DAYS OF SAFETY: GROUSE BEFORE THE TWELFTH.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.

A GREEK PLAY IN AN ANCIENT ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



A MODERN AUDIENCE IN AN ANCIENT ARENA: THE PRODUCTION OF THE "ŒDIPUS REX" DURING THE BIGOT FESTIVAL AT NÎMES, JULY 26.

During the celebration in honour of the poet Bigot, who died in 1897, Sophocles' "Œdipus Rex" was performed in the ancient Roman theatre, which was modified to the uses of the Greek theatre, and the unusual spectacle was presented of a modern audience listening to a Greek play in a Roman arena.

NEW NOVELS.

The M.S. in a Red Box. (London: John Lane. 6s.)
The Coronation of Edward the Seventh: A Chapter of European and Imperial History. By John Edward Courtenay Bodley. (London: Methuen. 21s., net.)
Children of Tempest: A Tale of the Outer Isles. By Neil Munro. (London: Blackwood. 6s.)
Susannah and One Elder. By E. Maria Albanesi. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Sir Julian the Apostate. By Mrs. Clement Parsons. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
Alison Howard. By J. E. Rait. (London: Constable. 6s.)
The Burden of Her Youth. By L. T. Meade. (London: John Long. 6s.)

After advertising in vain for the author, who is too shy or too clever to reveal himself, Mr. Lane has published the famous manuscript which was sent to him anonymously in April. It is a novel of the period when Charles I. wanted money, but not from his Parliament, and got it from a Dutch contractor, who undertook to reclaim a great tract of fen-land in Lincolnshire. This operation figures in the story, and reflects little credit on Dutch engineering, which seems to have put the whole district under water, and drowned many of the inhabitants. This is of small consequence to the story except for the introduction of a Dutch heroine and a Dutch villain. There are two villains, the other being an English nobleman, who calls the hero a "cowardly cur," and is eventually killed by a cuff on the head. The hero has a stout arm, cracks no end of sconces, and is left for dead at least three times. He is in love with the Dutch lady, whose accomplishments excite suspicions of witchcraft; and so the hero has to save her more than once from a violent death at the hands of a mob. There are desperate plots against his life, and a gentleman named Boswell, no ancestor apparently of "Bozzy," mutilates his face, and tattoos his chest, so as to make him pass for a soldier who has actually been buried in his name. All this is excellent sport for the reader who likes breathless narration, and escapes which make the proverbial hair's-breadth broad by comparison. Over the ordinary story-teller who engages in this branch of fiction the unknown author has the conspicuous advantage of writing singularly good English. There is no affectation of the speech of the period. The incidents are told with force and brevity, and the story does not flag until it is evident that the writer has grown a little tired of it, and is uncertain how it ought to end. There is too much fighting, and not enough character. But the style is so good that we shall be glad to see it again.

Those who, with good reason, fear the cobwebs which seem to cling even to the freshest "official" document need have no hesitation in taking up Mr. Bodley's "Chapter of European and Imperial History: The Coronation of Edward the Seventh." It is issued "by his Majesty's gracious command," but otherwise there is nothing of the official document about it. Save for the full and necessary appendices, it is at once entertaining and untrammelled. The first part of the volume, nearly a half in point of fact, is a triumph of irrelevance—magnificent, but hardly war. In it Mr. Bodley deals with three epoch-marking coronations, each distinct in detail and circumstance, and each offering a different contrast to the crowning of King Edward and his Consort. They are those of Napoleon at Notre Dame, of the first German Emperor at Versailles, and of Queen Victoria; and all are treated less from the ceremonial than from the social, personal, and political points of view. The description of the crowning of our own King is, in like manner, shorn of much of its pageantry, and all the flamboyancy of description with which it was heralded and greeted in the popular Press. While emphasising the hold that the monarchical sentiment has upon this country, and fully recognising how such feeling is sustained and strengthened by that "splendid anachronism," a reproduction of the civil and religious ceremonial that has attended the coronation of every English Sovereign, Mr. Bodley wisely chooses to devote his pages chiefly to the political and colonial points at issue. After tracing in his first chapter the evolution of British loyalty, he passes to articles on the King, the people, and the Constitution, the gathering of an Empire, the illness of the King, and so to Westminster Abbey and the Imperial Crown. And in each section he is both lucid and picturesque. The King showed his customary discernment in choosing the author of "France" to record the supreme incident in his Majesty's career, and the result is a work marked by scholarship and the dignity that scholarship brings.

Mr. Munro yields to the growing bad habit of summarising his story on the first page. "I walked in Uist yesterday," he writes, and goes on to say how little trace was left of the events which he intends to narrate. But, being cursed with the gift of preciosity, he makes his summary so obscure that it will not, except for readers who have second-sight, forestall the pleasure presently to be gathered from an exceptionally good romance. As the writer warms to his task, the literary fopperies are cast away, and "Children of Tempest" stands out as a very remarkable piece of work. For this time Mr. Munro has left the Highlands and passed to the Hebrides, Uist and Benbecula—almost virgin ground to the novelist. The book is not a historical novel, though it centres round a heard that had been meant to serve in the Forty-five, but lay—or was believed to lie—unused, to play the part of the Rhine treasure in the lives of simple islanders. In all respects but one, Mr. Munro excels in his character-drawing: he has adopted the irritating convention of making the virtuous hero (in other respects no fool) blind to the treachery of a kinsman. Apart from this, the story gives such a gallery of characters as is rarely to be found. "Doom Castle" and "John Splendid" were good, but "Children of Tempest" is better. The blend of fiery courage and avarice in one man's heart has seldom been so portrayed, and Col of Corodale is only one of many people whom we shall remember. The

heroine is gracious, vivid, such a Princess of Thule as Black could never have conceived. Fisher-folks, smugglers, a poor creature saved from drowning by Col and henceforth a sinister sneaking watch-dog of his preserver's interests—all are admirable. And through it all we hear such Atlantic surges as dwellers in these trim English landscapes cannot realise. Mr. Munro has given us the true romance of the Outer Isles.

"Susannah and One Elder" is a curious title, calculated to provoke the inquisitive. Admirers of Mr. Barrie may even read into it the suggestion that the story is Scotch, and smacks of the kirk; but the question, after all, is merely a matter of seniority; and, even so, one is tempted to wonder which of several "elders" Madame Albanesi intends to indicate. Not that it matters in the very least, for the story is a great deal more interesting than the title: a strong story, well and impressively told, very human, and distinguished by the excellence of its characterisation. The heroine is genuinely engaging, neither flirt nor fool, but a sane, right-thinking young woman, who is not a prig; and to succeed with one's heroine is a great matter. Her sister, Lady Corneston, is all the disagreeable things that Susannah is not, with a vice or two thrown in, and she manages to make a fair amount of mischief, although in the end it is trouble thrown away. And it is only with regard to this same end that we have any quarrel with Madame Albanesi. Here she plays to the gallery, and becomes, for some few pages, cheap and sensational. When—to quote the old nursery rhyme—"the rope begins to hang the butcher," things right themselves with amazing rapidity, and the final kaleidoscopic effect seems to cry aloud for limelight. But doubtless the great majority of readers will look upon this as the finest thing in the book, and will gloat over the minutest particulars pertaining thereto. Madame Albanesi is scarcely to be blamed after all.

It must have been brought home to anyone who has done a course of reading in present-day fiction that, as a general rule, the clever, shrewd writers cannot, or at least do not, give us very much of a story; while, on the other hand, those who construct a gripping story are not particularly satisfying in their style of presenting it. Only by the union of the two (with of course something else, not easily defined, which does not exactly fall under either head) can really great fiction be attained. Fortunately, our patient waiting for that rare product is frequently beguiled by a novel in which considerable cleverness is joined to a tolerable amount of good story. One of these is "Sir Julian the Apostate," which if, as would appear it is, a first book, promises a future for its author, Mrs. Clement Parsons. It is easy to pick faults in "Sir Julian the Apostate." We are conscious of a want of naturalness in what may be called the groundwork of the story. And Mrs. Parsons seems to be aware of this. Her explanations of the motives of her characters wear an air of special pleading; we do not say that they are never convincing, but even when they are we cannot rid ourselves of the disquieting suspicion that the special pleading element in them is necessary. Sir Julian Borthwick himself is not an entirely satisfying character. There is a want of subtle shading, again, in the drawing of Miranda. But her mother, Mrs. Farrer-Hammond, at least is a portrait done with dash and finish; and the author shows more than the usual felicity in nature descriptions. As for her cleverness and shrewdness, they are evident throughout (but chiefly in the earlier portions, it has to be said), though throughout also they are marred by too little care to keep up her own best standard of smartness, as well as by a failure to cover the steps by which that best is reached. Still, in spite of defects and immaturities, "Sir Julian the Apostate" is a book above the ordinary.

Miss Rait has two qualifications for producing a readable novel: she can describe feminine characters with insight and humour, and she knows her Italy. But "Alison Howard" bears some marks of amateurishness: the interest is not concentrated, and the heroine does not hold the centre of the stage. The men are conventional, inasmuch as they exist merely to wed, or jilt, or be rejected by Alison and her friends. But, after all, what nobler end—in a novel—can man attain? Miss Rait is more genuinely interested in the working-woman, the struggling musician or teacher or "companion" and her pleasant little story should set readers thinking on such matters as the struggle for life among semi-educated women whom poverty turns into the world. Alison is left a fortune on condition that she devotes half her income to charity, and her efforts to help without pauperising her less fortunate sisters in England and Italy are described with considerable ability. The plot to secure her and her fortune for a convent will annoy some readers, but the episode is not impossible.

Mrs. L. T. Meade's ingenuity shows no sign of coming to an end. Her last book, "The Burden of Her Youth," is, though not in any way distinguished by originality, an easy-running, mildly probable story, in which many characters play their several parts, and in which it is possible to take more than a lukewarm interest. The secret of this perhaps lies far less in the unravelling of an exciting plot than in the human sympathy which touches the commonplace treatment of commonplace people into life—the one great essential, in fact, to the professional story-teller. If Mrs. Meade had lived a thousand years ago, she would have had the warmest seat by the fireside, the softest patch of bear's skin, from which to exercise her peculiar talent, and she would not have been forced to pin it to printer's ink and paper, where its weaknesses are given undue prominence. Nowadays, a writer who boldly throws style and grammatical precision overboard, and is content to rely solely on her people and her plot, is liable to be rather severely mauled by the critics. Fortunately, however, for "The Burden of Her Youth," they are in the minority, and a large and appreciative audience of holiday-makers, thrusting such malcontents aside, will read its pleasant, unpretentious tale with unmixed gratification.

ANCESTORS OF THE LEADING ARTICLE.

The leading article has fallen on evil days. "Only the very young and the very old read them now," said a great mathematician and politician once to the present writer. "The rest of us con the news and form our own opinions." History had in his case repeated itself, for the editor of the *Daily Courant*, the first English diurnal, which appeared in 1702, announced that he should "relate only matters of fact, avoiding comment or conjecture." But even when the *Courant* was started, there was no lack of printed "comment or conjecture" in another form, for the pamphlet, the ancestor of the "leader," had already achieved a hale seniority. In the hands of Defoe, the tract had become a formidable engine, and the creator of Crusoe was shortly to add to his literary activities by giving his opinions to the world in newspaper form. His *Review*, begun in 1704, is hailed by Mr. G. A. Aitken, in the latest volume of "An English Garner," dealing with the Later Stuart Tracts (Constable), as the forerunner of all the political reviews of to-day.

Many of the tracts reproduced are, in name at least, old friends; but in the present form very many readers will doubtless make their first acquaintance with the actual text of the famous "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" which brought the able Daniel who therein came to judgment, to judgment (and the pillory) himself. Never was satire more grievously misunderstood. Even the proposal, shouted in capitals, to "CRUCIFY THE TWO THIEVES" (Popery and Schism) between whom the Church of England had so long been crucified, did not reveal the author's controversial position, and was taken as only a wilder advance on his solemn advocacy of the galleys and the gallows instead of mulcts and fines for Dissenters. It was the hour of heavier bludgeoning than we dare print nowadays; but it went down as serious advice, to the terrible confusion of both parties. When the Dissenters found out that the writer was a Dissenter, they were not ready to forgive him and carped at him on a side issue—his views on occasional Conformity. The Churchmen, on the other hand, were maddened at being sold; for they had conceived the pamphlet to be a mighty stroke on their side. The law set to work. A reward was offered for the scribe's apprehension, and his pamphlet was burnt by the common hangman: a form of advertisement which would be invaluable to certain prolific modern writers, and one which they must secretly regret. Defoe surrendered, was fined, and stood in the place of public obloquy for three days. It is common knowledge how the populace, substituting garlands for garbage, made the occasion a triumph for the condemned. It is likewise matter of common knowledge how Defoe, ever the journalist, had his printed word ready for the occasion. His "Hymn to the Pillory," published on the first day he submitted to the dread yoke, may be read *in extenso* in the volume under consideration.

Athenian readers of "Later Stuart Tracts" in quest of "some new thing" will find it in the preface to the eighth volume of the *Review*, which has never before been reprinted. It is of peculiar interest, being, in effect, Defoe's *Apologia pro vita sua*, and for his journal. The success of his venture is indicated from the opening remark that the part just concluded has been the subject of as much Clamour and Noise as any of the former, though on a different account. "From the beginning of this undertaking," he says, "which I have now carried on almost Ten Years, I have always, according to the best of my Judgment, calculated it for the Support and Defence of TRUTH and LIBERTY: I was not so weak when I began as not to expect Enemies, and that by speaking plain, both to Persons and Things, I should exasperate many against both the Work and the Author, and in that Expectation I have not been deceived." He makes no secret of how deeply the hostility of those he had sought to benefit had stung him. Throughout the preface the manly vigour and independence of Defoe are everywhere manifest, and were the authorship of the exordium unknown there could hardly be a moment's doubt as to who must have written it.

These ancestors of the "leader" were often parabolic in form, and the temper of the public was such that a successful brochure could often be kept alive for several successive numbers. Such was Dr. Arbuthnot's "History of John Bull," which in March 1712 began to hit off the political situation allegorically. Therein, for the first time, the typical Englishman was christened John Bull. The leading characters in home and foreign politics are thinly disguised under nicknames. Lord Strutt stood for the late King of Spain, Lewis Baboon for the French King, Humphrey Hocus for the Duke of Marlborough, and Sir Roger Bold for the Earl of Oxford. With these characters, John Bull, poor man, was represented as engaged in a ruinous law-suit, which was, of course, the war. The first pamphlet of the series, entitled "Law is a Bottomless Pit," won the admiration of Swift, to whom the series is often attributed. To Stella he wrote, "You must buy a small twopenny pamphlet, called 'Law is a Bottomless Pit.' It is very prettily written, and there will be a second part." How many of the quill-driving guides of public opinion nowadays, one wonders, are thus recommended for young ladies' perusal. The Dean's interest in the publication was unflagging, and as the succeeding parts appeared he put his appreciation on record. He thought the second part, "John Bull in his Senses," better than the first, and held that the concluding numbers, at any rate, maintained the reputation of their predecessors. The fable is very light, very merry, and to an age that had time for such extended treatises very enjoyable no doubt, and profitable. But we have rushed beyond the leisure that made these efforts possible and palatable. Steam, electricity, and petrol have slain contemplation. Opinion in the "up-to-date" journals has shrunk to nonentity, and yet even some of the halfpenny sheets are said to be "influential." But when these finally discard such trifling comment and copious conjecture as they still print, nobody, we take it, will mourn the articles as "lost leaders."

THE HOLIDAY SEASON ON THE RIVER.

DRAWN BY FLEMING WILLIAMS.



THE EASIEST WAY.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN IRELAND: THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL AT BELFAST.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BELFAST.



THE KING UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL STATUE TO QUEEN VICTORIA AT BELFAST, JULY 27.

His Majesty touched a spring which caused the curtains to fly apart, and Mr. Brock's fine statue stood revealed. His Majesty, doffing his cocked hat, bowed his head for some moments in silent homage to the memory of his mother.

THE KING'S GREAT CONCILIATORY VISIT TO IRELAND.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE KING IN IRELAND.



THE KING IN THE WEST OF IRELAND: HIS MAJESTY REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME AT GALWAY STATION, JULY 30.

Galway did not allow its Nationalist principles to stand in the way of a hearty Irish welcome to the King. The Chairman of the Urban District Council, Mr. James O'Donoghue, in presenting an address, said that his Majesty was raised high above all political questions, and the citizens had great pleasure in giving expression to the feelings of respect in which he was held. The King returned a cordial reply.



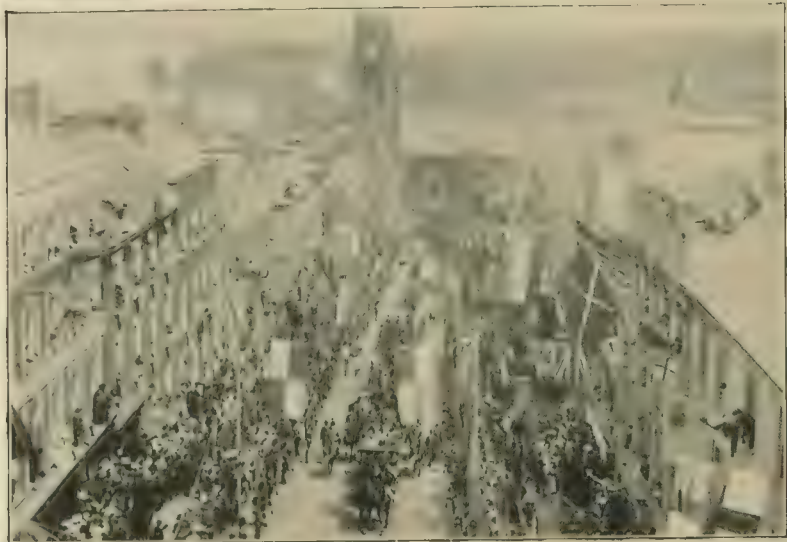
VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

THEIR MAJESTIES' IRISH CRUISE: THE ROYAL YACHT AND HER ESCORT IN KILLARY BAY, THE FINEST INLET ON THE WEST COAST.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DE LACY FROM SKETCHES BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE KING IN IRELAND.

Their Majesties entered Killary Harbour on July 29, and the following day began their tour of Connemara. Although the hills around the harbour are rather bare of trees, the verdure atones in great measure for this lack. The nearer hills rise steeply from the margin of the water and the general effect is very fine.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN IRELAND: THE VISIT TO LONDONDERRY, JULY 28.



THEIR MAJESTIES IN LONDONDERRY: THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING UP SHIPQUAY STREET.—[Photo. Coghlan.]

THE ROYAL PARTY ENTERING BROOK PARK, LONDONDERRY.—[Photo. Coghlan.]
BROOK PARK, VISITED BY THE KING AND QUEEN.—[Photo. Coghlan.]

THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING THE GUILDHALL, LONDONDERRY.—[Photo. Ayton.]

THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL TRAIN AT LONDONDERRY.—[Photo. Glass.]

THE ROYAL PARTY LANDING AT BUNCRANA PIER, EN ROUTE FOR LONDONDERRY.—[Photo. Glass.]

THE HERRING FISHING IN THE NORTH SEA.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



"A GOOD SHOT": RETURNING TO HARBOUR.

Among the herring-fishers the catch is spoken of as a "shot," and is calculated in measures called "crans."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE AVERAGE.

Sitting this morning by the sea, in the company of a philosophically minded friend deep in the mazes of a new book on psychology, I found in the morning paper an announcement which I thought likely to prove of interest to him. Therefore, at the risk of being anathematised for the interruption, I ventured to call his attention to the paragraph in question. It told the world that, with the sanction of the American Government, Professor Wiley, an eminent chemist, will undertake a series of highly interesting experiments at an early date. The Professor seeks to determine the influence of tobacco on the human organism. He is in search of definite evidence regarding the action of the "weed" on lungs, heart, digestive system, brain, and indeed upon the whole of our physical belongings. The mode of investigation, although not precisely novel, is at least likely to prove of high interest to physiology. Professor Wiley is to have some eighteen men placed at his disposal. I do not find any mention of their previous habits as regards tobacco-consumption; but for a month the eighteen are to have no touch or traffic with nicotine in any shape or form.

After this month of abstinence the men will be divided into three groups, presumably of six each. One group will use tobacco in pipe, cigar, and cigarette; beginning with moderation and ending, it is to be presumed, in excess. The second group will similarly begin by taking snuff mildly, and will proceed to consume tobacco in this fashion with zeal. I confess I do not envy the snuffing section, for if unaccustomed to this form of indulgence I bid fair to say they will pass through a season of sore affliction before they can practise the art with equanimity. The third section is to chew tobacco. The Professor evidently means well, and his method implies thoroughness; only, if we have pity for the snuffers, we must also reserve a portion of our sympathy for those who are to chew tobacco. If they have not already cultivated that disgusting habit, they will also pass through a period of tribulation. But I fancy the Professor will choose his subjects from smokers, chewers, and snuffers respectively, and this idea is supported by the fact that there is to be a month's preliminary probation in the way of abstinence. This period will admit, it is to be presumed, of the system starting afresh as it were, and as if the subjects had been non-consumers of the weed.

I do not know how long the experiments are to last, but when the Professor regards his subjects as having been sufficiently dosed, they are to return to a month of abstinence. This will enable a comparison to be made between the tobacco-period and its opposite. Then, presumably, will follow a report bearing upon the action of King James's pet aversion on the human frame.

When I interrupted the Professor, deep in his treatise on psychology, with my recital of the American researches, I regret to say that his only commentary on the matter was summed up in the single word, "Bosh!" Asked to explain his attitude in the investigations on tobacco, he laid aside his book with a weary sigh and resigned himself to his fate. The Professor becomes interesting when he faces an objection, and, like the war-horse of old, sniffs the scent of battle from afar. "Did you ever hear of the doctrine of relativity?" inquired my friend. I admitted that I knew something of the idea in question. "Then," he retorted, "if you admit that in things biological—that is, in matters dealing with life and living action—you can never have mathematical certainty, what do you expect to get out of research in eighteen men? Each one of these men differs from all the others. No two are exactly alike, and between some there will be very great differences physically regarded. The action of tobacco, or alcohol, or anything else, must be different in one case from that exhibited in another. Each is a law unto himself, and it is precisely this notion of the relativity of things which prevents you from attaining any results commensurate with all the trouble you are taking. The American Professor," he concluded, "is on the wrong tack. He won't get one, but eighteen results."

So far my friend. I think he was wrong in the matter of his conclusion. In turn, I inquired if he had ever heard of the doctrine of averages. Receiving a scornful snort by way of affirmation, I proceeded to open my defence. He forgot that out of a series of facts acquired, let us assume from different units, you may strike a mean. It is perfectly feasible, for example, that Professor Wiley will elicit a general result, common to all his cases, showing that excess of tobacco will act as a heart-depressant. It is nothing to the point that out of six men who smoke to excess one or two will bear the test and come out of the ordeal physically stronger than their neighbours. You will probably find a general result made up of conditions common to them all. The states exhibited will differ, in other words, not in kind but only in degree.

Suppose it were otherwise, how could any physician be warranted in administering any drug with the view of procuring a certain definite action? If he gives iodide of potash up to a certain point, he increases the secretion of saliva. In one patient this result will be much more easily and quickly induced than in another, and the doctor knows this application of the idea of relativity, and watches his cases accordingly. Lying below individual variation there is a general likeness—the likeness of the race; and it is precisely on this common ground of resemblance that physician and scientist alike take their stand. A consideration of this kind justifies experimentation of the kind practised by Professor Wiley, and cuts the ground from under the feet of those who, like my friend, think otherwise. I may be made ill by a mutton chop, but that fact does not invalidate the general conclusion that the majority of my neighbours enjoy it.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

F R F (Gibraltar).—We have—exceptionally in your case—answered by post.

J CHOUTKA (Prague).—Your solutions are correct, and acknowledged in their proper places. The solution of No. 3056 is 1. B to B 5th; and if K takes R at B 6th, then 2. Q to Kt 7 (ch), etc.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3085 and 3086 received from R C Paul (Calcutta); of No. 3089 from Zeus, Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne), Alain C White, and George Fisher (Belfast); of No. 3090 from Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), D B R (Oban), F B (Worthing), George Fisher (Belfast); Colonel Godfrey, Charles H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Charles E Robson (Saffron Walden), and F W Atchinson (Crowthorne).

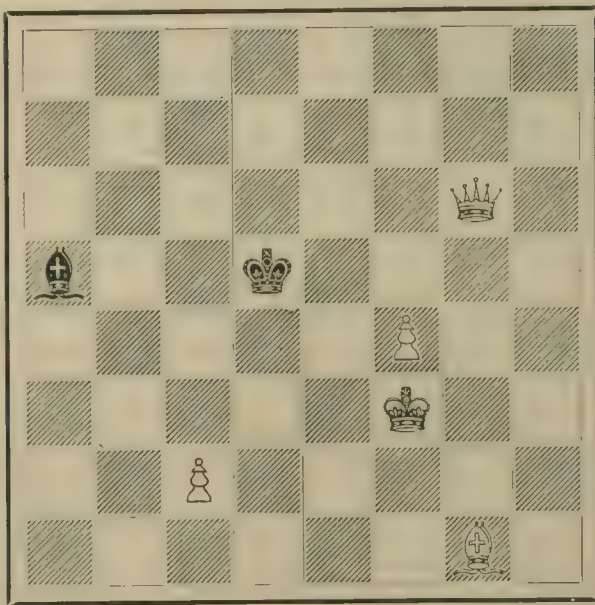
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3091 received from F R Pickering (Forest Hill), Reginald Gordon, H Le Jeune, Charles Jones (Paris), Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Joseph Cook, C F Bert, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), D B R (Oban), Martin F, J Simpson (Liverpool), L Desanges, E J Winter-Wood, W R Hay Chapman, J W Campsie, Herbert A Salway, Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), Captain Spencer, A Belcher (Wycombe), C E Perugini, G Bakker (Rotterdam), F Henderson (Leeds), Shafroth, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Fred Nicholson, T Roberts, Hereward, F J S (Hampstead), W D Easton (Sunderland), Charles Burnett, H Walters (Plumstead), F Winter Clarke, Thomas Wetherall (Manchester), R Worters (Canterbury), Edith Corser (Reigate), Albert Wolff (Putney), G C B, Sorrento, and The Tid.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3090.—By A. W. DANIEL.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to B 2nd. Any move.
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3093.—By H. J. M.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. FINN and KEIDANZ.

(Rice Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Kt to B sq	B to B 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	18. Kt to B sq	P to Q Kt 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	19. B to Kt 3rd	B to Q 6th
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th	20. Kt to K 3rd	P to K R 4th
5. Kt to K 5th	Kt to K B 3rd	21. Q to Q 2nd	B to K 5th
6. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	22. P to Q R 4th	Kt to Q 2nd
7. P takes P	B to Q 3rd	23. P takes P	P takes P
8. Castles		24. P to B 4th	P takes P
		25. Kt takes B P	K to R 2nd
		26. Kt to K 5th	Q to B 4th
		27. R to R 5th	P to B 3rd
		28. Kt to B 6th	Q to Kt 3rd
		29. Kt to K 7th	Q to K sq
		30. B to R 4th	B to Kt 3rd
		31. B to B 2nd	

This constitutes the Rice Gambit, named after its inventor, an American professor. A special tourney, of which this is one of the games, is now in progress to test the merits of the opening, and so far the sacrifice of the Knight seems sound—at least the results up to date are equal for both attack and defence.

8. R to K sq. B takes Kt. Threatening mate in three moves. White exerts a severe pressure at this period of the game, and Black is utterly helpless, notwithstanding his material superiority. It may be pointed out, however, that his Queen's Rook never comes into play.

9. R to K sq. Q to K 2nd. The very latest continuation. Its purpose is revealed in the next two moves.

11. P to Q 4th. Kt to K 5th. 12. R takes Kt. B to R 7th (ch). 13. K takes B. Q takes R. 14. P to K Kt 3rd. Castles. 15. B to B 4th. P to Q B 3rd. 16. Kt to Q 2nd. Q to Kt 3rd. 17. P to Q 6th.

The advance of this Pawn seems to give White an immediate advantage, and is presumably the compensation obtained for the loss of the exchange.

CHESS BY TELEGRAPH.

Game played between the CHICAGO and BROOKLYN CHESS CLUBS.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Uedemann, Chicago).	BLACK (Mr. Curt, Brooklyn).	WHITE (Mr. Uedemann, Chicago).	BLACK (Mr. Curt, Brooklyn).
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	20. P to Kt 5th	B to K Kt 2nd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	21. B to B 4th	Q R to Q sq
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. Q R to Q sq	Q to B 2nd
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	23. B to Q 3rd	B to R sq
5. Kt takes P	B to Q 2nd	24. K to R 2nd	R to Q 4th
6. B to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		R takes Kt P.
7. B to Q 3rd	P to Kt 3rd	25. Q to Kt 3rd	R to R 4th
8. Castles	B to Kt 2nd	26. P to B 5th	Q takes Q (ch)
9. P to K R 3rd	Castles	27. K takes Q	P takes P
10. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt	28. R takes P	R takes P
11. P to K B 4th		29. P to R 4th	P to K 3rd

Altogether too hasty. The King's Pawn is the weak spot, and wants careful watching. This is demonstrated by Black's reply.

11. P takes P. Kt takes P. Thereby losing his Queen's Knight's Pawn. But even B to Q 2nd would not make matters easy.

13. Q takes Kt. B takes P. 14. Q to K 2nd. Q takes P. 15. B to B 4th. Q to Q R 4th. 16. Q R to Kt sq. B to B 3rd. 17. P to Kt 4th. Q to B 2nd. 18. Q to B 2nd. P to Kt 3rd. 19. B to Q 3rd. Q to Q 3rd.

A last resource, but Black is equal to the emergency with a fatal retort. His Queen's wing Pawns must ultimately win.

37. B to B 5th. B takes R. 38. B to Q 3rd. R to B 4th. 39. B takes B. White resigns.

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THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

If there can be any great measure of consolation for the departure of the summer, it is to be found upon the grouse-moor in August. Some men hailing from the southern counties prefer the First of September, when the little brown bird comes whirring off the stubbles or the place of his hiding among the root-crops; others will vote for the beginning of October, when the earliest pheasants may be picked up in the outlying fields, and nothing that rises before the gun is forbidden to the marksman. But for the writer the Twelfth of August is the day of days, and the sober-plumaged grouse, reared and shot among the billowy heather, yields place neither to blackgame nor partridge, nor pheasant.

There is still enough of summer to make it seem immortal: on the lowlands the corn is still green, the heather is breaking into flower, and the beehives have been moved from the flower-garden that the bees may yield heather honey. The moor—be it in North Wales, the northern counties of England, or Scottish Highland or Lowland—has renewed its youth; we left it in desolate October or November days, when it served the cloud-drifts as a resting-place and the grouse had long packed and had even learned to avoid the butts, when the stalker's rifle was no longer heard in the forest and the stags had ceased to roar. Who can forget the drive to the station, when wind and rain held the land in thrall; the cheerless aspect of dripping, desolate expanses of land stretching far as the eye could reach! We come back nine or ten months later to find that the good fairy of the changing year has restored all we cared for, that the heather is aflower once more, and the plantations that hide the roebuck and the far-flying blackcock are impenetrable, as of yore. The trout-stream we left in flood is shallow now and bright as the summer can make it, the "living flash of light" we call the kingfisher darts across it in search of his prey—the rest of the happy fish find their way up-stream, careless of the brilliant little bird their enemy or the more sober herons who stand sedately on one leg in the shady places. The air has its pristine fragrance, encouraging our most vigorous efforts; and in lodge, farm, and moor we renew old acquaintances and call back the days of our best achievements and heaviest bags.

Of course the drive is the recognised method of taking the "moor cock," and driving has done a great deal to strengthen stock and keep the birds healthy and plentiful; but I do not hesitate to say that a walk over well-stocked undulating heather pleases me more than a day in which the only exercise is found in walking from butt to butt. In driving a good moor the result is a foregone conclusion. Before the first faint cries of "Mark, mark" are audible, or the keenest eye can see the advancing flags, the coveys begin to come over, swinging lazily and securely over the heaps of turf they have known all the year. It is merely a question of cool head and steady hand in the days that follow on the heels of the Twelfth, before the birds have been frightened, and made cunning and taught to fly fast. In late September he must be a fine shot who would excel against driven birds sailing hard and high, rising and swerving round the butts and going at a pace that baffles four men out of five again and again. In mid August the drive is a tame affair. The walk, on the other hand, is quite different. You never know when the covey will rise and go skimming over the heather-tops; hares and rabbits give the day a variety. What can be more delightful than lunch in the shade by some musical spring after a tramp that has tested all our endurance and has given the boys a heavy bag to carry! How we pride ourselves upon our restraint when we refrain from drinking the spring dry, and are content to plunge arms in up to the elbows and so reduce the body's temperature! What can excel the delicious dreamless sleep that comes at the close of day, at an hour we should laugh at in town! Drinking, billiards, and card-playing, the sworn foes of good sport and keen sportsmen, have no chance after a hard day's tramp in the open.

Perhaps the Englishman owes something to the hardy men who serve the land in Scotland. Foresters, keepers, gillies, stalkers, farm-hands—one and all seem to be in the perfection of physical condition. They can walk from twilight to twilight, their horizon is far wider than ours, and, save in the drinking of whisky, they are the most frugal livers to be met with west of the Indian Empire. It is impossible not to feel that they have a sly contempt for the Southerner; and consequently no spoken word is sweeter—or more rare—than their praise. One of the hardy, well-informed men of whom I write is an ideal companion for a long day's walking over the moors: he sees so much of the visitor would never notice, and has so much of the knowledge that is not set down in books. His dignity and self-possession are admirable qualities seldom or never met among the men who serve us in big towns. Nothing makes him forget the respect due to others or to himself.

It is to be feared that the present season on the moors will not be a very good one. The dreaded grouse disease, engendered probably by the overcrowding of the birds within the limited area of the moors, is reported from several districts widely distant from each other; and grouse disease is at present as incurable as cancer or bubonic plague. At the same time, it is not wise to take statements published before the Twelfth too seriously, for the facts often put the prophets to shame, until the season for prophecy returns, when they reappear, smiling, cheerful, and mendacious as of yore. We can but hope for the best, determined, whether the bag be good or bad, to have nothing but good spirits so long as Jupiter Pluvius is kind. On a fine day there is so much to make pursuit of the grouse attractive that until the last shot has been fired figures and comparisons need not be considered seriously. Let it be admitted frankly enough that a wet August among the moors is a torture that Dante would have introduced to his Inferno if he had lived and written a few centuries later, and had paid a visit to the country of the grouse.

SCENES AND EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE COMMENCEMENT OF OPERATIONS IN THE MALL.



THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL.

Mr. Brock's design for the Victoria Memorial will render the approach to Buckingham Palace very magnificent. The statue, enhanced by circling colonnades, will stand where the main gate of the Palace now is, and the Mall will become a great triumphal avenue with symbolical statues.



THE UNVEILING CEREMONY.



A NEARER VIEW OF THE STATUE.

THE QUEEN VICTORIA STATUE AT SCARBOROUGH.

The statue, which stands in front of the new Town Hall, was unveiled by Princess Henry of Battenberg, July 28.



A MINIATURE FORTH BRIDGE IN THE HIGHLANDS: THE SECOND LARGEST SPAN IN THE WORLD.

The bridge is at Connell Ferry, on the new Loch Etive and Ballachulish Railway. It differs from the Forth Bridge chiefly by the absence of the counterbalancing cantilevers under the rail-bed. The railway runs through Stevenson's country, and passes the scene of the Appin murder.



A MUD DOCK AT NEWCHWANG, MANCHURIA: H.M.S. "RINALDO" LEAVING WINTER QUARTERS.

The British, Japanese, and Russian gun-boats winter at Newchwang in mud docks, in order to escape the ice of the river. The docks are constructed by coolies, and our photograph shows the removal of the mud barrier to set free the ship.

THE JEWISH LAW IN THE EAST END OF LONDON.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.



THE SUPPLY OF KOSHER (CLEAN) MEAT: THE OFFICIALS OF THE SYNAGOGUE SEALING UP THE FOOD OF "OBSERVING" JEWS.

At about one hundred and fifty licensed slaughter-houses in the East End, kosher meat is prepared from cattle and sheep slain according to the Mosaic law. The animals are selected by experts, and the fees for slaughter go to the Synagogue, which appoints the slayers. The carcase is afterwards sealed with a tin tag bearing the official stamp and date. The edge of the knife must be without flaw.



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LADIES' PAGES.

Travelling, which was until comparatively recently a luxury for the more wealthy, is now brought within the reach of people of very moderate means, and it would be hard to compute how many thousands of the nation are just at present sojourning in or arranging to go to some place other than their homes. When conditions have completely changed around us, it becomes difficult to realise the bygone state of affairs; but it is considerably less than a century ago since people who wanted to travel in comfort on the Continent had to buy their own carriage and sell it again for what it would fetch when they had accomplished their journey. Horses were hired from post-houses, and four were required for the carriage in France, and six in Italy, and were, as Mrs. Grote says in her Recollections, even in 1841, "the sole agents of locomotion for persons who wished to journey at their ease." How different from the present state of affairs, when an annual Continental holiday forms part of the ordinary programme of high-school teachers and head clerks! Still, there are a good many women of moderate means who have never found the courage to try foreign travel, simply because they have not a male relative to escort them and look after them. To such among my readers I counsel taking courage and starting forth!

There is really no difficulty for a lady travelling alone, at all events in the beaten track. It has long since ceased to be anything peculiar. There is now no fear that hotel-keepers or anybody else will look with alarm or suspicion upon even one lady by herself; far less need any such apprehension be entertained when two go travelling together. In every Continental hotel one sees solitary ladies, or pairs of sisters or friends, made as welcome and passing as unobserved as any other guests. Even the foreign language presents no real barrier, for at every considerable hotel there is at least one person who can speak English; and this porter or clerk will not only attend to the wants of the lady travelling while resident in the establishment, but will also, on application, accompany her to the station, and see her through the difficulties of finding her train and registering her baggage for a small "tip." This is not, of course, denying that little difficulties may arise from time to time; but patience and avoiding fussing about trifles will get through them. There is no change so complete as that to another country: the most ordinary scenes of the street and the daily life of a foreign people amuse and divert the mind; the climate on the Continent is better than that of our island; and one is made comfortable at hotels at a lower rate of charges than for equal accommodation at home. Women who allow themselves to lose the pleasure and interest of travel abroad simply from timidity are very much to be pitied.

August is the busiest month for the Swiss and German health resorts, but September and even some-



A SIMPLE DRESS FOR COUNTRY WEAR.

times the early part of October are generally equally agreeable as regards weather; and as the hotels are less crowded, railway officials less rushed, and all the people who live upon the travellers' money a trifle less independent, these later weeks are quite as enjoyable as the August ones. It is important for a comparatively short journey to take as little luggage as possible, consistent with comfort. The charges for conveying baggage all over the Continent are much higher than at home. But even more important than the money aspect of the matter is the saving of trouble by doing away with superfluous baggage. On the other hand, it is extremely uncomfortable to have insufficient personal belongings, and it is really better to put up with the extra expense and bother of another trunk than to be short of plenty of "things." What is a sufficiency depends very largely upon the place to which one is going. Fashionable resorts, such as Homburg and Wiesbaden, Lucerne or Interlaken, require more dress than mountain stations, or the quiet German Spas frequented exclusively by genuine invalids. For a few weeks spent in travelling from place to place, or at a quiet resort, it is possible to be quite comfortable with one light woollen complete dress made with a short skirt, one black gown of a material suitable for *table d'hôte* or church wear, such as voile, canvas, or an uncrushing make of soft silk; a good supply of blouses in cotton, muslin and light silk; a waterproof and a small warm wrap. A loose coat and *trotteuse* skirt is the most convenient design for the thin woollen dress, which will be the ordinary daily wear; a light blouse being worn underneath the coat, the latter can be slipped off in the train and in the hotel, or carried during the heat of the day, and put on again easily for outdoor wear when needed. Fortunately, fashion sanctions the wearing of short walking skirts again, and a dress for travelling and for any sort of expedition should be cut to well clear the ground. The skirt should be unlined, worn over a silk petticoat.

One of the customs that strikes the traveller abroad is that the women of the working classes almost everywhere go about bare-headed. Their hair is generally exquisitely dressed; even quite poor women will have a standing arrangement with a professional coiffeur to arrange their tresses daily for a trifling weekly sum; and they do not seem to mind the sun beating on their heads. This one practice alone has much to do with giving a general air of cleanliness to the populace abroad which the dirty, battered headgear too common among our poor girls suffices to destroy. In America the same custom is followed by girls at the great women's colleges; they go about the grounds of their Universities in midwinter and midsummer alike without putting anything on their heads. One very illustrious lady pursued a similar fashion wherever she went—the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria. During the warm weather the Empress used to walk about at Cromer (as elsewhere) without anything on her head, protecting herself from the sun by a parasol, and carrying a large red fan, which she used for further shading

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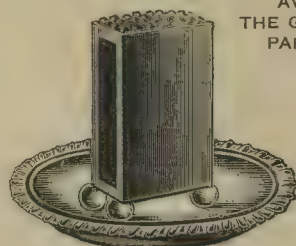
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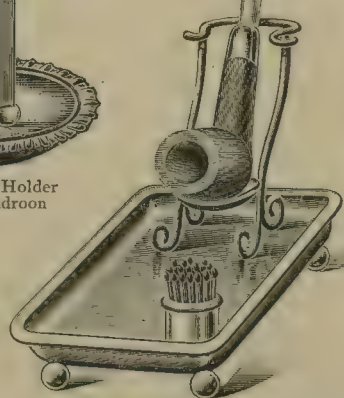
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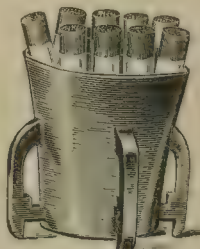


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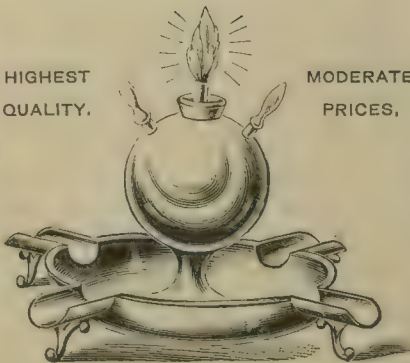
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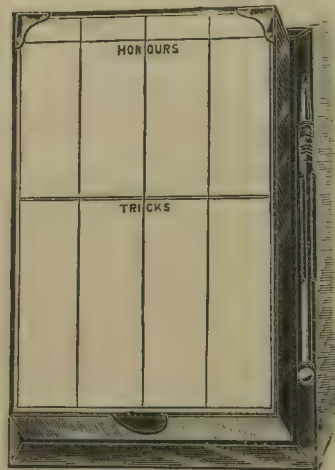
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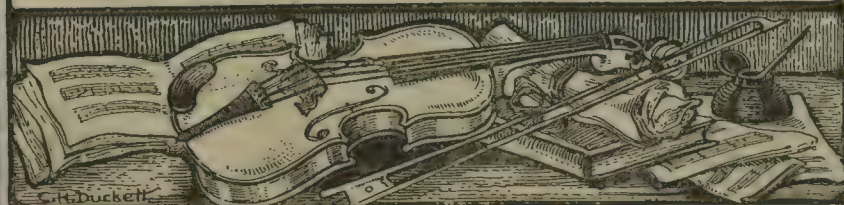
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her face when she desired. Her magnificent "head of hair" was famous. It reached far below her waist when unbound, and was in itself quite sufficient protection. Favourable comment was heard on the idea the other day, when the Duchess of Sutherland held her annual sale of Scotch home industries at Stafford House. Her Grace's sister, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, adopted the fashion. It would be very good for the hair to be less covered than it is; but as to the results of leaving the fair English complexion habitually unsheltered by the kindly shade of a hat on hot summer days, one may well have doubts.

Talking of parasols, which are a great addition to any dress, to embroider one would be a simple enough piece of fancy work for the leisure hours of the intended wearer during the coming winter. The parasol may be purchased plain and ready mounted on its frame—in short, it can be an ordinary silk or satin parasol, as the frame in that case answers the purpose of an embroidery-frame. Every part of it except the section which is being worked upon should be kept clean by being covered with cambric while the work is going on. White silk or satin for the foundation is the best to choose; but the colour which is worked upon it will in some degree tie the owner in the matter of dress. If, however, pale pink or a delicate yellow be the principal colour in the embroidery, the parasol could be used with several gowns. The embroidery can be of many kinds: it can be done in chenille, or in silk, or in ribbon-work, or, what is very simple, raised chiffon flowers can be obtained and appliqué to the parasol by embroidery stitches, and the stems can be worked in chenille. Another simple plan is to use lace motifs appliqués. The lace must be embroidered on all round it firmly, the stitches being quite close together, as otherwise when the parasol is closed it may ruck. To make it very smart the lace motifs may be flecked with silver or jet paillettes before being applied to the parasol. When the work is finished there must be a lining of soft puckered mousseline-de-soie inserted in order to conceal the embroidery stitches. If the long hours of the winter in a country house are used in preparing in this way for the coming summer the time is pleasantly filled.

It seems uncomfortable to think about furs while the summer is still with us, but they are prepared by the manufacturers in readiness for the approaching season about this time, and there is a novelty produced all ready for the winter service of those whom it may please, which might have been expected, even if good taste will not welcome it. The ingenious person who discovered how to make the skin of the mole available for wear by depriving it of its unpleasant smell, which for centuries past caused it to be left to the exclusive use of gamekeepers, must have reaped a fortune; for moleskin was one of the most fashionable furs last season, and has actually become quite costly. Hence we have got with us now the inevitable imitation moleskin plush. It must be owned that the woollen-



A USEFUL EVENING DRESS.

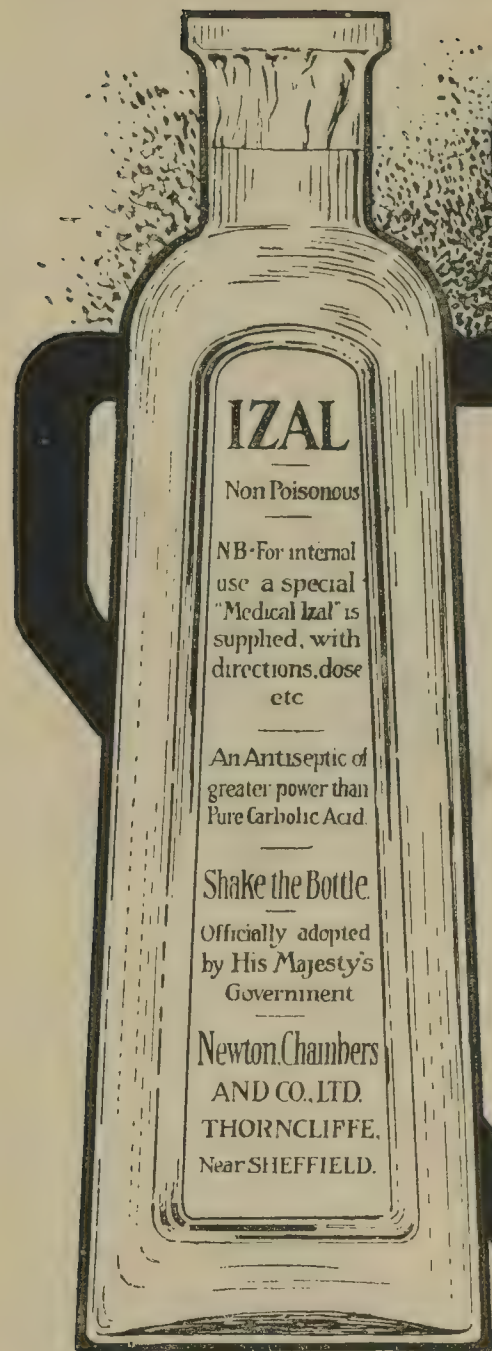
weaver has produced a very close imitation of the fur of "the little gentleman in the velvet jacket," the name by which Jacobites used to toast the mole for being the cause of the death of King William III., whose horse was tripped up by a molehill at Hampton Court. The imitation moleskin or "moleskin plush" is still quite expensive, because it is a good imitation, and it is to be hoped that it will not sink to the level of the deplorable stuff called sealskin plush, which so much damaged that magnificent fur in fashionable esteem a few seasons ago.

Every year an appeal is put forth by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to persons who are going on a holiday and shutting up their homes, to remember the family cat, and make some provision for her maintenance. To go away regardless of what will happen to poor pussy is an extremely cruel action. Slow starvation is a miserable lot, and there really is nothing for a cat to pick up to keep it properly in London streets. Where it is not possible to arrange with a friendly neighbour's servants to look after the cat, it should be sent out to board. The London Institute for Lost and Starving Cats, Ferdinand Street, Camden Town, is a merciful little charity, which is occupied all the year round in receiving stray or suffering cats for whom death would be a happy fate, and putting them to sleep quietly in a lethal chamber, where their lives pass away unconsciously to themselves. At this time of year cats are taken in there to board at a low rate during the owner's absence. Dogs are only seldom unkindly overlooked and left uncared for; but when they have to be boarded out the Dogs' Home at Battersea will take them in, and many veterinary surgeons are also willing to take charge of dogs during the owner's absence.

One of our illustrations shows us a simple dress for country wear made with a *trotteuse* skirt. The material is a dark cloth or fine serge, and it is trimmed simply but sufficiently with Roumanian embroidery, the bright colours of which are relief to the plainness of the gown. The hat is a soft shape in straw trimmed with a cluster of roses and a bow and ends of velvet, for which the deep red of the embroidery can be chosen or the same colour as the cloth if preferred. The other is one of those useful little evening dresses which can be worn at an at-home dinner, or a small dance, or for the theatre. The material is black crêpe-de-Chine gauged and corded, and trimmed with an insertion of white lace. FILOMENA.



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PICTURES OF HAMPTON COURT AND KEW.

Visitors to Hampton Court are familiar with the beautiful tennis-court. Tennis, the oldest of ball games, which originated in the Middle Ages, and which we associate with the Guises, the Bourbons, the Tudors, and the Stuarts, is very much more complicated than its descendant of the lawn. Our Illustration shows the construction of the court. The sloping roofs running round three sides are called the penthouses. The

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 25, 1898), with a codicil (dated Sept. 8, 1902), of Mr. Charles Andrew Prescott, of 20, Cambridge Square, Hyde Park, and 50, Cornhill, banker, who died on July 11, was proved on July 24 by Kenneth Loder Cromwell Prescott, the son, Henry Warner Prescott, the brother, and Richard Dawes, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £158,166.

daughters Charlotte Cromwell Prescott and Oliveria Cromwell Prescott.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1902) of Mr. Edwin Handley, of Hendra, Alum Chine, Bournemouth, and of Birmingham, who died on May 5, has been proved by Edwin Baynard Handley, the son, Arthur Thomas Powell, and James Power Heaton, the executors, the value of the estate being £58,006. The testator gives £500 to his son Charles Holmes; the income from £500 to his sister



Photo, Ivc.

THE OLDEST TENNIS-COURT IN ENGLAND: THE FINELY PRESERVED PROVISION FOR THE ANCIENT GAME AT HAMPTON COURT.



Photo, Sturdee.

A SCIENTIFIC WORKSHOP THREATENED BY APPLIED SCIENCE: KEW OBSERVATORY, TO BE REMOVED OWING TO THE DISTURBANCE CAUSED BY ELECTRIC TRACTION.

opening high up in the end wall is called the "dedans." Behind the spectator is the grille-wall, and the compartments which are seen numbered are called the mark-chases. The rules of service and counting are similar, though far more elaborate than those of lawn-tennis; but the ball, before falling in the service-court, must first have rebounded from the penthouse. A ball sent into the grille, or the dedans, always scores a stroke. We illustrate also the Kew Observatory, where magnetic research has been disturbed by the electric tram service. In the foreground are the rain-gauges.

The testator gives £10,100 to his son; £100 to his brother; £100 each to his nephew Ernest Prescott, and his nieces Emma Louisa Travers, Mildred Prescott, and Mary Prescott; £200 each to his sisters Emma Elizabeth Gardner, Lucy Esther Prescott, Augusta Sophia Burn, and Oliveria Prescott; £100 to John Banks; and £50 to Richard Dawes. The presentation silver bowl, and the part of the escutcheon placed on the coffin of Oliver Cromwell, he leaves to his son, for life, and then for his eldest son. All other his property he leaves as to one third to his son, and one third each, in trust, for his

Harriett Emily Matthews; a policy of insurance for £300 to Florence Emily Gunning; a life policy for £200 to Stella Maria Clark; £200, in trust, for Elizabeth Handley for life, and then for her sons Frederick and Percy; and legacies to executors. The residue of his property he leaves between his children.

The will (dated June 30, 1902) of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Bridges Bellers, of Bacton Manor, Pontrilas, Hereford, who died on April 7, has been proved by William Crofts Bellers, the son, one of the executors,



No. 555:

4/9 per 100;

1/3 per 25.

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GORDON BENNETT CUP.
Out of FOUR Cars which
finished THREE were fitted
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equal to 75% of the total.



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Dear Sirs,—I have very great pleasure in sending you a photograph of my son as a testimony to the excellence of Mellin's Food. He is 10½ months old, and weighs 2 st. 1 lb., and has several teeth. He has never had a day's illness.

Yours faithfully, G. W. TAIE.

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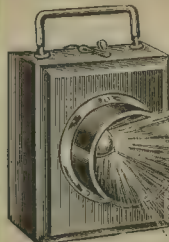
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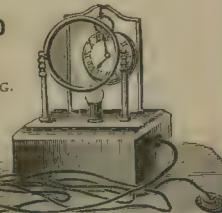
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"Sweet as a Rose"

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Debility, Depression,
POVERTY OF BLOOD, PHYSICAL FATIGUE, DIGESTION, &c.

For CHILDREN—Half a wine-glass before each meal.
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A Delicious Dish at a Moment's Notice.
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HALFORD'S INDIAN CURRIES

Chicken, Rabbit, Mutton, Lobster,
Prawns, Sauce, Powder, Chutnee, Paste.
THE "ORIGINAL" AND ONLY GENUINE.

the value of the estate being £39,451. The testator leaves all his property to his six children, William Crofts, Ernest Vernon, Henry Herbert, Sophia Minnie Allin, Constance Emma, and Agnes Lilian Kendrick Boscawen.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1901) of Mr. Charles Lucena, of Westwick, Easthampstead, Berks, who died on April 27, was proved on July 23 by Mrs. Blanche Arden Lucena, the widow, Bertram Hugh Barton, and Lionel Henry Peacock, the executors, the value of the estate being £29,230. The testator gives the Westwick property to his wife for life, and then to his daughter Mabel Clara Arden Lucena; £100 each to the children of his sister Clara Taylor; £100 each to Albon A. Taylor, Charles Lancaster Taylor, and Geoffrey Taylor; £15,000, in trust, for his daughter and her issue; £200 each to the Royal Berkshire Hospital, Reading, and the Free Home for the Dying, Clapham Common; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated June 30, 1903) of Mr. Benjamin Ebenezer Nightingale, of the Albert Works, Albert Embankment, who died on July 17, was proved on July 25 by Thomas Thompson and Frank Taylor, the executors, the value of the estate being £23,894. The testator gives the premises known as Shaftesbury House and Cromwell House, Vauxhall Walk, to the trustees of



THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CUP.

the will of his late wife, to be held upon the trusts therein mentioned; the goodwill of his business of a contractor, with the stock, plant, and machinery, and the money on business account at his bankers, as to six twentieths to his son Arthur Charles, five twentieths to his son Walter Herbert, and three twentieths each to his sons Alfred Ernest, Frank Andrew, and Percy Gilbert; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his five sons.

The will (dated Aug. 13, 1891) of Mr. Sidney de Vere Beauclerk, of 187, Queen's Gate, and formerly of The Lindens, Horsham, who died on July 4, was proved on July 27 by Mrs. Evelyn Georgina Matilda Watson Taylor, the mother, the value of the estate being £21,803. The testator leaves all his property to his mother.

THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CUP.

One of the chief prizes of the Cowes Week is, of course, the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, which is sailed for annually. This year the competition was fixed for Aug. 7. The prize, which is of silver-gilt, richly chased, was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Hancocks and Co., of 152, New Bond Street, who have produced an excellent and elegant example of the silversmith's art.

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PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

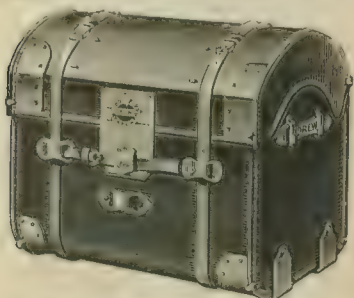


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Lighter, stronger, greater carrying capacity than Trunks of usual make.

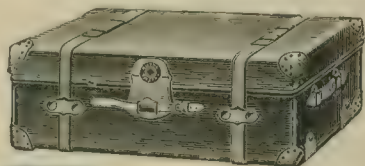
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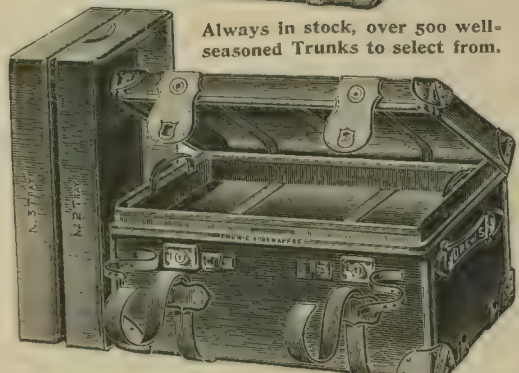
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Crushing and damage avoided.

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YET STRONG.

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EASILY TAKEN TO PIECES,
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Dose: ONE AT NIGHT.

You **MUST** take **SOMETHING SOMETIMES,**
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Absolutely Cure
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**CARTER'S
LITTLE
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PILLS**They **TOUCH** the **LIVER**

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Look for the Signature.

Small Pill.
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Of uniform quality. "Three Nuns" never disappoints the most fastidious smoker. Singularly fragrant and pleasant, it pleases all classes of smokers, but for those who like a stronger tobacco, we manufacture "KING'S HEAD," of similar excellence.

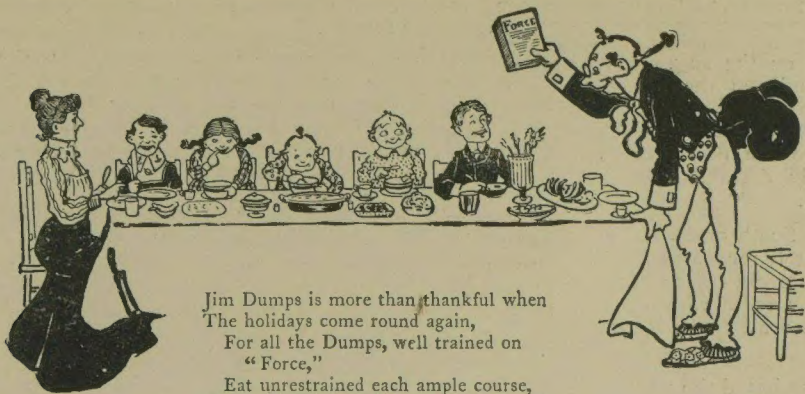
BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

Gd. per oz., in 1-oz. packets and 2-oz. and 4-oz. tins.

"Three Nuns" Cigarettes are sold in packets
of 10, at 4d. per packet.

J. & F. BELL, LTD.,
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Jim Dumps is more than thankful when
The holidays come round again,
For all the Dumps, well trained on
"Force,"
Eat unrestrained each ample course,
Till, filled with good things to the brim,
"Give thanks for 'Force,'" says Sunny Jim.

Per Packet **6** d.
Of all Grocers.

"Force"

The-Ready-to-Serve Cereal

makes a thankful digestion.

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt.

Three Generations Eat "Force."

"The writer is one of three generations who start breakfast with 'Force.' It is an open question whether the children, grandma or myself could get along without it.

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THE COCOA "PAR EXCELLENCE."



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300
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SPIRAL PUTTEES

Are so shaped as to Wind on Spirally
from Ankle to Knee and to Fit Closely
to the Leg with Even Pressure without
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Made in Two Weights, "HEAVY" and "LIGHT,"
and in a Variety of Colours. Shade Cards on
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THE SPAT PUTTEE HAS BEEN ADOPTED BY THE
WAR OFFICE FOR OFFICERS' WEAR.

The "HEAVY" Weight or "REGULATION" Quality is the
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No Measurements Required. Will Fit any Leg.
Made of All Wool.

A Most Comfortable Support to the Leg.

For Rough, Hard Wear, no Leg Covering has ever
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Manchester and Mrs. Moorhouse are in Scotland on holiday, and will be absent from the diocese for about two months. The Bishop will take formal leave of his friends in Manchester on Sunday, Oct. 11, at the Cathedral. He intends to make his permanent residence at Boundesford Park, near Taunton.

The Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, Vicar of St. Paul's, Portman Square, has arrived in America, and will take part in the August Conference at Northfield. He is to give a series of Bible-readings to the students who remain after the Conference is ended.

Dean Barlow, one of the oldest friends of the late Bishop Ryle of Liverpool, was fittingly chosen to preach at the unveiling of the memorial tablet to the Bishop in Emmanuel Church, Southport. This was the last church consecrated by Dr. Ryle before his resignation, and the window has been erected by the members in grateful remembrance of his character and work. Dean Barlow praised the late Bishop's writings with especial heartiness, and said that as an expositor

it was ever his way to put the first and chief things in the first place.

The Rev. Wilson Carlie, acting on the suggestion of the Bishop of London, has abandoned the use of the gramophone at St. Mary-at-Hill. I have heard the instrument when visiting the church on a Sunday evening, and its strange reproduction of the sermons of Bishops and Archbishops certainly detracted somewhat from the gravity of the service.

I am glad to learn that Dr. Caleb Scott, ex-Principal of Lancashire College, has so completely recovered from his long illness that he is able to take cycle rides almost daily. Dr. Scott is one of the few men who have experienced the singular sensation of reading their own obituary notice in the newspapers.

The Rev. Alexander Francis has resigned the pastorate of the British-American Church in St. Petersburg, which he has held for many years. He has accepted the charge of an important church in Johannesburg. Mr. Francis has long occupied a position of great influence in the Russian capital, and won immense popularity

among the Russians themselves by his services during more than one famine.

Among the innumerable pulpit references to the late Pope, one of the most interesting was that of Father Stanton, who compared the influence of Leo XIII. to that of the late Cardinal Manning. So considerably and meekly had he carried his high office that the name of Pope seemed during his lifetime to have lost its power of antagonism. Archdeacon Sinclair, preaching at St. Paul's, described the dead Pontiff as "that truly venerable and beloved personality," and as "a true servant of God, with the love of Christ deeply rooted in his heart." Both sections of the Church of England thus united in eloquent tribute.

Professor George Adam Smith is now steadily recovering from his attack of typhoid fever. His brother, the Rev. Hunter Smith, has gone to America in order to accompany the patient home to Glasgow. Mr. Hunter Smith's congregation in Edinburgh, that of United Free St. Stephen's, have presented him with a cheque for one hundred guineas for the expenses of the journey.

CUTICURA PILLS

For Cooling and Cleansing
the Blood and Skin

In Cases of Itching, Burning,
Scaly Humours,

And for Renovating and En-
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The Best and Most Economical
Yet Compounded.

Cuticura Resolvent Pills (chocolate coated) are the product of twenty-five years' practical laboratory experience in the preparation of remedies for the treatment of humours of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, and are confidently believed to be superior to all other alternatives as well as liquid blood purifiers, however expensive, while enabling all to enjoy the curative properties of precious medicinal agents without consuming needless, expensive and often injurious portions of alcohol in which such medicines have heretofore been preserved.

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Complete external and internal treatment for every humour may now be had for 4s. 9d., consisting of Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin, Cuticura Ointment, to heal the skin, and Cuticura Resolvent Pills, to cool and cleanse the blood. A single set, costing but 4s. 9d., is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp and blood humours, eczemas, rashes, itchings and irritations, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

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KEEPS BUTTER COOL, FRESH, AND HARD in the HOTTEST WEATHER. Should be used in every larder as a **Butter Safe**, and for all purposes of **packing and keeping Butter in prime condition.** It acts as a refrigerator without ice or chemicals. Made in 12 sizes, for 1 lb. to 50 lb. Prices from 4s. Postage or carriage from 6d. to 2s. To be obtained, with all particulars and testimonials, from:—H. V. ADDISON & CO., Ltd., Manufacturers, Waterloo Works, Wellington, Salop; LONDON DEPOT, 141, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.; or from the DAIRY SUPPLY CO., Ltd., Museum Street, London, W.C.

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SEVEN PRIZE
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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

so as to be in a position to immediately stop an attack of
DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA, &c.

Hot weather is due in the British Isles, and everyone should take a little precaution. Don't wait till you actually want the Chlorodyne; you might be driven to sending an ignorant messenger for the medicine you require, and some substitute might be pushed on him.

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THE EXCISE DEPT.
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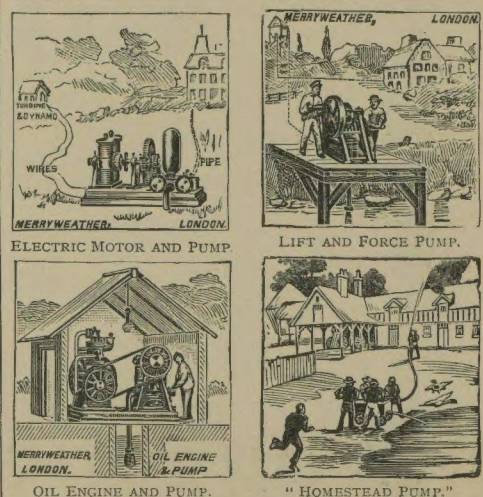
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MARVELLOUS
THREE SPEED
CYCLE
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ON
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WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.
ARE EFFECTIVE,
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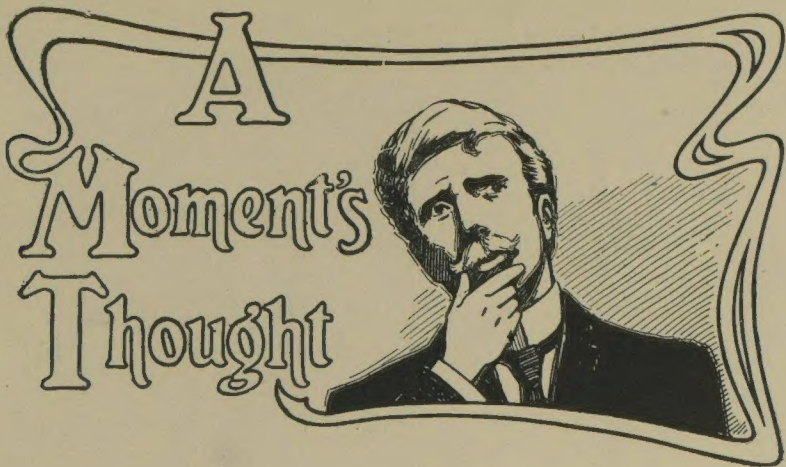
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FOR BATH AND TOILET USE.
PASTA MACK is made in perfumed Tablets, Sparkling and Effervescent when placed in the water. Beautifies the complexion, softens the water, and yields a delicious perfume to the skin.
Manufactured by H. MACK, Ulm o/D. Germany
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Circumstances alter cases.
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savers. **WAVERS**

COCKLE'S THE OLDEST
Antibilious PATENT
PILLS MEDICINE
IN BOXES AT 1/1 2/9
4/6 11/- EACH



will show you how important it is that you should always be in good health.

You cannot work properly when you are ailing. You cannot enjoy living when you are "out-of-sorts." You cannot sleep properly when you are unwell. In fact, life is not what it should be if your health and general condition is poor.

There is one sure way of always having good health—it is by taking BEECHAM'S PILLS. They act beneficially on your whole system—give you a clear head and a sound body—and make your life what it should be—a real pleasure.

If that is what YOU desire, take

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.



Lazenby's Sauce

*is the delightful, mellow
Sauce known to Connoisseurs
for more than a century
as "Harvey's Sauce."*

*The original recipe
belongs exclusively to
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and the only genuine
"Harvey's Sauce"
is that made by
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To His Majesty King Edward VII. and
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Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL
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Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant
odour.
Is not a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin
or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER
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OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

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THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER can be obtained
throughout the British Colonies, India, United States of
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Manufacturers to His Most Gracious Majesty the King.
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Collars. Gentlemen's 4-fold, from 4/11 per doz. *
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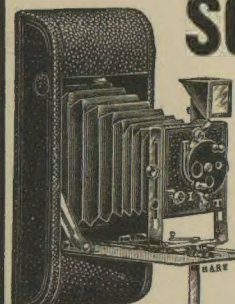
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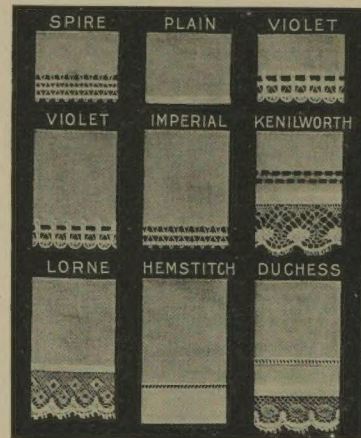
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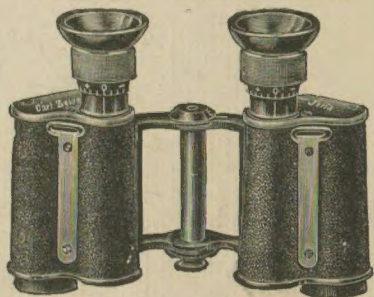
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